

T H E
M O N T H L Y M I S C E L L A N Y,
F O R
F E B R U A R Y, 1774.

The S C R I B B L E R, No. II.

— Q U I C Q U I D A G U N T H O M I N E S —

— N O S T R I F A R R A G O L I B E L L I .

H O R .

W HEN three or four different persons undertake to write for the benefit or amusement of mankind, and to send out their lucubrations in periodical numbers, under one name, and under the inspection of one person, many little ceremonies occur on such occasions, which are very necessary to be adjusted, before the work can properly make its appearance in public. These matters being now finally settled, and the outlines of our plan marked out to the satisfaction of all parties, they are now published for the information of every person, by whom The SCRIBBLER may hereafter be read.

The President of our Society, on the evening of this debate, was Mr. Theodore Barton;—a man whose character needs not the assistance of a panegyrist. In his younger days he had seen much of the world, and unwilling to leave it without contributing his mite for the public benefit, had become a member of this little com-

munity, and readily gave in a share of that extensive knowledge, which his friends so much esteemed him for.

He opened the cause with his usual good sense and judgment, and informed us that the two principal matters which should engage our notice, were, to make our works read by drawing the attention of such persons into whose hands they might fall, and to *amend*, as well as to *please* those persons, who might thus be induced to honour us with a perusal. The first of these, he said, was done by a striking, well-chosen motto, which, he observed, was as essential to the profession of a periodical writer, as a gown and band are to the Counsellor or Divine; and that, in order to effect the second purpose, he would recommend a choice of such subjects only, which were of general concern, and a familiarity of style in our remarks upon them, something similar to the easy conversation of a friendly monitor, and not too much inclining to the gravity of a religious preacher,

MISCELL. VOL. I.

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or

or to the ridicule of an ill-natured satyr.

In this latter part of the argument, the President was seconded by his friend and neighbour, Mr. Richard Spencer; whose observations on mankind was sharpened to a degree of criticism, by the repeated disappointments he had met with in his passage thro' life. Possessed of natural good abilities, a gentleness of temper, and a sobriety of manners, he was fent by his friends to the university, and intended for a minister of the Church of England; but alas! they were not aware of the difficulties he had to encounter with, in his way to preferment. A state of subserviency for some years brought him unnumbered promises on his first taking orders; and he patiently bore a curacy of 40l. a year, tho' attended with the trouble of serving three churches, thinking that the friends he had made at College would one day procure him a better subsistence;—but wearied at length with applications, and chagrin'd at the denial he received, he became disgusted with the profession he had entered into, and, fortunately assisted with the legacy of a deceased relation, he quitted the church, and retired to Bully Manor, where he occasionally amuses himself with writing on the times, and is happy in a situation, where party interest does not distract him, nor toothng promises distract his hopes.

After joining with the President in his sentiments on the file of Periodical Authors, he concluded with the following observations:

— “ And in these corrupted and degenerate days, when the passions of men are chiefly influenced by vice or folly; when they are led by interest, prejudice, or ambition, to forsake their duty as members of society, and to give up every good and honest principle for the toy of wealth and honours, how hazardous is the attempt of that writer, who takes morality for his theme, and means to rescue the manners of the world from that depraved state into which they are fallen; for though there are very few, if any, whose characters have not, at some period of their lives, been marked with a peculiar blot, yet when a serious writer takes up the pen, and tries, in his way, to wash out the stain, even the worst of these men cannot think themselves so far below mediocrity, as to be *preached* into a

change of conduct, and they therefore leave the gravity of his doctrines to be read by those who stand in greater need of reformation.

“ The severity of the Satyrift is no less incapable of gaining the desired purpose.—Men like not to have their failings brought to public view; and, tho' conscious of their own demerits, are nevertheless desirous of *seeming* to be men of honour and integrity; and when the hand of ridicule points out their faults, and by a keen, well pointed satyr, tries to laugh them out of vice, they are too angry with the writer, to think, of working a change in themselves.

“ There are, indeed, some moments in every man's life, wherein he is capable of cool and serious reflection;—when memory presents him with a view of his former life, and fancy points to the remainder of the prospect. In one of these intervals, could he, perchance, meet with a judicious, moral treatise, he might not then be inattentive to its precepts, and calm, persuasive reason, might perhaps affect what could not have been done by satyrical remarks on his conduct. But as these incidents are few and short, and the example of the multitude in every species of irregularity extremely prevalent, men will never be convinced of the enormity of their vices, or the danger of their follies, but by insensibly leading them thro' the paths of Amusement.”

The whole assembly joined with Mr. Spencer; and the President finished the debate, by remarking, that as the writings of the greatest divines, or the severest critics, had been penned to little purpose, having produced no other benefit but the improving a few persons, who were naturally good before; while the licentious many still continued in their former practices, equally insensible to the reproof of one writer, or the ridicule of another, we should chuse the middle walk between these two extremes, and endeavour to amend mankind, by pleasing lessons of instruction.

In the course of these papers, the frailties of both the sexes will undergo a candid examination;—and they will be chastised with a strict, but paternal hand. But neither shall be wantonly enquired into, nor shall the displeasure of any one be knowingly incurred, by exposing their personal or private frailties.

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frailties.—It is the abuse only of those powers which nature has given them that we have business with, and to these alone shall we attend.

Where censure is necessary, it will be freely given, and a just allowance will be made for all misdeeds that are not the immediate effects of the inclination. In short, to use Mr. Pope's expression, we shall

Blame where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

On CRUELTY to ANIMALS.

IT were to be wish'd, for the sake of humanity, that the doctrine of Transmigration, which was so firmly believed by many of the Ancients, still maintained itself in the world, as it would certainly restrain us from frequent acts of cruelty, to consider that the Brute Creation should hereafter be rais'd to a more exalted sphere of action, and that in doing violence to them, we offer'd an insult to some future happy beings. But, tho' this notion has long since been generally exploded, yet, consider'd as mere brutes who are annihilated at death, they have many claims to our tenderness and compassion. The dominion which man has over them is by no means absolute; for thus his commission runs: " Rule with mercy, and slay not wantonly, but from necessity;" nay, however strange the expression may seem, their dependance on each other is mutual.—Wolves, Lions, Bears, and Tygers, with innumerable other beasts of prey, which are not subject to man's controul, make no claim on him for sustenance and support; but domestic animals, and those whom Nature hath placed more directly under his command, look up to him for daily food and protection, as a reward for their services. Thus, as Pope justly observes,

While man exclaims—" See all things for my
use,"
" See man for mine"—replies a pamper'd
goose.

If, therefore, man is filled the Lord of the Universe, he is more indebted for that flattering epithet to his mental powers and capacities, and the gift of speech, than to his sovereignty over the Animal Creation.

To become an advocate for Brutes, while so many rational beings are destitute of the common necessities of life, may perhaps

appear ridiculous and absurd; but it is a truth too evident to be denied, that the power given over them is become so general, that their services are often repaid, not by the methods which humanity dictates, but quite the reverse. Besides, who is so well prepared to lift up the fatal hand against his fellow being, as the man whose heart is grown callous by repeated acts of cruelty to his Horse or Dog? Or who, it may reasonably be ask'd, so likely to join a banditti of assassins, as the wretch who can delight in the tortures of an offensive Animal; and, it might be added, if any farther apology is necessary, that we cannot but be sensible a Horse endures pain from incessant lashes of the whip, while the distresses of men are often feign'd, and a pretext for the blackest scenes of iniquity; nor can the dignity of man be insulted by this attempt, unless it is a degradation of his nature to implant the seeds of mercy and compassion. I intend to rest the merits of the whole on this single consideration, viz. "The benefits man receives from the Animal world." These are infinitely varied, according to the sphere and capacity of the creatures from whom they are derived. The Horse is endued with strength, beauty, and speed; he contributes to the pomp, as well as the convenience of man, and by him we are carried from place to place with great velocity; yet is he so unconscious of his strength, that he submits to the reins, stoops to correction, and becomes so docile that a child may lead him. The ox, the sheep, and the lamb, furnish our tables with delicious and wholesome repast, and we even take pride in that cloathing which not long ago adorned them. The milk of the cow is adapted to answer the purposes of food, nourishment, and luxury; that of the Ape and Goat is sovereign in decays and consumptions, affording that health and vigour to the patient, which was sought from medicine in vain. The fury Mattiff, the fawning Spaniel, the vigilant House-Dog, and the swift-footed Hound, should be re-

Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Portending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. PHILLIPS.

The medicinal virtues of the Viper and Toad have been often experienced; the

Ant and Bee afford striking examples of diligence and industry, and all toil of the latter is for the service of man; to the crawling Silk-worm we are indebted for the most sumptuous apparel; nor is it improbable that other species of Worms which weave a texture similar to, and whose transformations vary but little from it, may in future prove of equal importance to mankind. In short, natural history supplies us with numberless other instances of creatures infinitely diversified, who administer to the ease, the safety, the splendor, or support of man. The feather'd inhabitants of the air enliven the spring and summer months; the Finny Tribes of the Sea, besides other services, gratify the epicure's palate; and those creatures which are appointed to tread the ground, afford pleasure, food, and raiment; nor are we indebted to the Animal Creation only, as both the vegetable and mineral systems are replete with abundant blessings.

Reflect on this, thou Lord of the Earth, and let it humble thy pride to be thus laid under obligations to the meanest of creatures; yet must it not at the same time flatter thy vanity to see all creation toiling for thy ease and happiness; to see earth, air, and ocean united in thy interest? But let gratitude check thy vanity, let thy government be full of mercy, and such thoughts as these continually attend thee. Are not all these creatures the production of that same benevolent power which called me into existence? Do not they also receive from his bounty all they have, or are? Tho' placed in a more humble station, does not each of them fulfil the intentions of nature concerning them? Are not their organs affected by pleasure and pain, appetite and disease? Certainly, then, cruelty towards them is ingratitude towards heaven, an abuse of its creatures, and the power with which I am vested.

I cannot help observing here, that there is an extreme on the contrary side, which, tho' a fault, nevertheless indicates a compassionate mind; and it is natural to suppose, that where so much kindness to the Animal Species prevails, the Human is far from being overlooked. I shall conclude this Essay with an Epitaph on a favourite Dog; which breathes the language of an affectionate and tender heart:

Beneath this turf of grafs is laid

The fond, the gentle Mog;

Reader, upon him softly read,

Tho' he was but a Dog,

Thus into death and darkness hurried,

Ah! must his kindness end,

Who bore goodwill to all the world,

But chiefly to his friend?

Fain would I hope thou liv'st at ease,

Or in a sphere dost move,

Where all like thee are fond to please,

And words express their love,

For if, as ancient fages taught,

Brutes after death aspire

A diff'rent form, thy spirit ought

To wear the richest plume,

MEDITATIONS in a LIBRARY.

FROM every thing in nature a wise man may derive matter of meditation. In meditation, various authors have exercised their genius, and tortured their fancy. An author who meant to be serious, has meditated on the mystery of Weaving; and an author, who never meant to be serious, has meditated on *Broomsticks*. Let me also contemplate; and this Library shall be the subject of my meditations.

Before my eyes, an almost innumerable multitude of authors are ranged;—different in their opinions, as in their bulk and appearance. In what appearance or light shall I view this great assembly? Shall I consider it as an ancient legion, drawn out in goodly array under a fit commander; or as a modern regiment of writers, where the common men have been forced by want, or seduced through wickedness, into the service, and where the leaders owe their advancement rather to caprice, party favour, and partiality of friends, than to merit or service?

Shall I consider ye, O ye Books! as a herd of courtiers or strumpets, who profess to be subservient to my use, and yet seek only your own advantage? No, let me consider this room as the great charnel-house of human reason, where darkness and corruption dwell; or, as a certain poet express'd himself,

Where hot and cold, and wet and dry,
And beef, and broth, and apple pie,

Most slovenly assemble.

Who are they, whose unadorned raiment bespeaks their inward simplicity : They are law books, statutes, and commentators on statutes ; these are acts of parliament whom all men must obey, and yet only few can purchase. Like the Sphynx of ancient times, they speak in enigmas, and yet devour the unhappy wretches who comprehend them not.

Those are commentators on statutes ; for the perusing of them, the longest life of man would prove insufficient ; for the understanding of them, the utmost ingenuity of man would not avail.

Cruel is the dilemma between the necessity and the impossibility of understanding ; yet are we not left utterly destitute of relief. Behold, for our comfort, an abridgment of law and equity. It consists not of many volumes ; it extends only to twenty-two folios. Yet as a few thin cakes may contain the whole nutritive substance of a stalled ox, so may this compendium contain the essential gravy of many a report and adjudged case.

The sages of the law recommend this abridgment to our perusal. Let us, with all thankfulness of heart, receive their council. Much are we beholden to the physicians, who only prescribe the bark of the Quinquina, when they might oblige their patients to swallow the whole tree.

From these volumes, I turn my eyes on a deep-embodied phalanx, numerous and formidable. They are controversial divines ;—so has the world agreed to term them. How arbitrary is language, and how does the custom of mankind join words that reason has put asunder. Thus we often hear of hell-fire cold, of devilish handsome, and the like ; and thus controversial and divine have been associated.

These controversial divines have changed the rule of life into a standard of disputation. They have employed the temple of the Most High as a fencing school, where gymnastic exercizes are daily exhibited, and where victory seems only to excite new contests. Slighting the bulwarks wherewithal he who bestowed religion upon mankind had secured it, they have encompassed it with various minute out-works, which an army of warriors can with difficulty defend.

The next in order to them, are the re-

doubted antagonists of common sense ; the gentlemen who close up the common highway to heaven, and yet open no private road for persons having occasion to travel that way. The writers of this tribe are various, but in principles and manners nothing dissimilar. Let me review them as they stand arranged. These are Epicurean writers, who have endeavoured to confound the ideas of right and wrong, to the unspeakable comfort of highwaymen and flock-jobbers. These are enquirers after truth, who never deign to implore the aid of knowledge in their researches. They are sceptics, who labour earnestly to argue themselves out of their own existence ; herein resembling that choice spirit who endeavoured so artfully to pick his own pocket, as not to be detected by himself. Last of all, are the compilers of shapefoldies, fragments, and (strange to say it) thoughts.

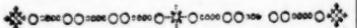
Amidst this army of anti-martyrs, I discern a volume of peculiar appearance ; its meagre aspect, and the dirty gaudiness of its habit, makes it bear a perfect resemblance to a decayed gentleman. This wretched monument of mortality was brought forth in the reign of Charles the Second ; it was the darling and only child of a man of quality. How did its parent exult at its birth ! How many flatterers extolled it beyond their own offspring, and urged its credulous father to display its excellencies to the whole world ! Induced by their solicitations, the father arrayed his child in scarlet and gold, submitted it to the public eye, and called it "Poems, by a Man of Honour." While he lived, his booby offspring was treated with the cold respect due to the rank and quality of its parent ; but when death had locked up his kitchen, and carried off the keys of his cellar, the poor child was abandoned to the parish, and kicked from stall to stall, like a despised prostitute ; and, after various calamities, was rescued out of the hands of a vender of Scots snuff, and safely placed as a pensioner in the hands of free-thinkers.

Thou first, thou greatest vice of the human mind, Ambition ! all these authors were originally thy votaries ! They promised to themselves a name more durable than the calf-skin that covered their works. The calf-skin (as the dealers speak) is in excellent condition, while the books themselves

selves remain the prey of that silent critic,
the Worm.

Complete Cooks, and Conveyancers, Bodies of School Divinity, and Tommy Thumb; little Story Books, Systems of Philosophy, and Memoirs of Women of Pleasure; Apologies for the Lives of Players, and Prime Ministers, are all consigned to one common oblivion.

One book, indeed, there is, which pretends to little reputation; and, by a strange felicity, obtains whatever it demands. To be useful for some months only, is the whole of its ambition; and though every day that passes confessedly diminishes its utility, yet it is sought for and purchased by all. Such is the undeserved and unenvied character of that excellent treatise of practical astronomy, called the Almanack.



*An ESSAY on the present State of MUSIC
among the COMMON PEOPLE, and the
Influence of BAD MUSIC on their
MORALS.*

IT is an undeniable fact, well known to all who read history, that, among every people under heaven, Music and Poetry have a greater share than almost anything else, in rendering them virtuous or vicious. What was it gained the Spartans a celebrated victory? Some heroic verses recited to them before the battle by their General Tyrtæus.—What drove Julius Cæsar out of Britain? The songs of the bards.—What made the ancient Germans and North-American Indians so ferocious and intrepid? The war whoop.—By what means did Edward I. conquer Wales? By putting to death all the Bards in the country.—What was it attached the Highlanders so vehemently to their Chieftains? The poems of Ossian sung on the harp, or a highland battle played on the bag-pipe.—What gained Oliver Cromwell so many victories? Singing Psalms, as he led on his troops to action.—What made the English fleet revolt to the Prince of Orange? The Irish song of Lillibulero.—What made our Sailors despise the French in the late war? Hearts of Oak, Balance a Straw, and The Roast Beef of Old England.—What is the trying moment to a Soldier's heart? That awful pause, when the drums and fifes

cease before the first fire.—What has more contributed to render the peasants in Scotland more decent in their speech and behaviour than the English? The Ballads and Tunes they are accustomed to from their infancy; and particularly the Gentle Shepherd. What has made London a sink of filth and wickedness, one monstrous mass of corruption, preferred from stinking oyle by a few grains of salt that remain in it? Why, the Ballads that are chanted in every street and lane of the City.—Who are the greatest enemies to modesty, charity, and love? Those Hawkers and Bookellers who vend nonsense, and sinut, and blasphemy, through the whole kingdom.

I cannot grant that these last assertions are in the least exaggerated, when I set before my imagination a ballad-finger, standing in the chief place of concourse, with a crowded audience round him, inflaming their appetites and passions, winning his way into their hearts, by means of music often too sweet, and raising at his will the various devils of unbridled lust, shameless lasciviousness, discontent, sedition, and malice: His hearers swallow with open mouth every sentence he utters, suck in the delicious poison, and go away to spread it among their neighbours, to speak evil of Dignities, to rail against their Sovereign, or to plunge in lewdness and debauchery. I cannot grant that my fears are too strong, when I consider what a multitude of clubs there are in London and other great towns, who must be entertained with catches and songs of some sort or other; when I reflect, that in these societies their hearts are open, loose, and unguarded, and receive such impressions as all the wife counsels and sermons they hear are not able to efface. How melancholy is it to think of the set of songs which seem to be most in vogue, which they listen to with greedy delight, and which are only fit to kill every pure and honest wish within them, and to breathe an unhallowed flame through their whole souls! No words are strong enough to describe their detestable expressions and thoughts. Instead of being, as they are, openly bought and read without scruple by all ages and sexes, they ought to be treated like the *Essay on Woman*, torn to pieces and burnt by the hands of the common hangman. Sometimes I have looked into them to find an agreeable song; tho'

has more was like touching a leprous carcass, or in Scotland handling a gangrenous sore, or pulling a dirty wretch out of the mire; but among Habs and 300, there were not five or six of tolerable decency. All the rest were scandalously little sheep, wanton, unchaste, debauched, obscene, a sink of diabolical. Yet by these, even these, are the minds of our young men formed.—

King only. Their sentiments they adopt, and act upon

in it their devilish maxims.

In vain may our ministers harangue from the pulpit to a few religious well-bred persons. In vain do they publish sermons and poems, which may be read by those who would be good enough without them;— While, in the mean time, those who want reformation, admonition, and instruction, Apprentices, Livery Servants, low Tradesmen, their Wives and Daughters, Soldiers, Sailors, *the base of the column, the strength and sinews of the state*, never come within the sound of these admired Preachers, nor look into their works, but are employed in the venom of ‘a wild sonnet or a wanton air,’ in some alehouse or tavern.

What then is the remedy for this terrible mischief?—not sermons;—not treatises;—not hymns or odes. These may mend the righteous, but cannot call the sinners to repentance. The lower ranks whom I have mentioned, cannot relish them, nor in truth understand them. They must have Songs in their own taste! ‘tis most reasonable they should; to cheer their long labours, and sooth their cares, they have as good a right to gratify their fancy as Dr. Boyce, or Dr. Arne: and there is not, perhaps, any other method so thoroughly effectual for instilling into them good notions and sentiments, as familiar ballads and songs set to proper music.

For the suppressing the evils before-mentioned, there is a remedy prescribed by law; and it is the duty of every *Magistrate*, and of every *Juryman*, to exact the authority which is vested in them for such purposes; and when by *their* means the spirit of licentiousness is a little calmed, it would be adviseable for men of genius to step in, and give their assistance towards purifying the minds of those people who are the nerves and support of our country.

A collection of ballads might be made, even from those now in print, which might greatly contribute to laugh vice out of

countenance, to bring down the haughty looks of many who are

‘Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
‘But touch’d and sham’d by ridicule alone.’

and to inspire every honest and manly disposition. It would be difficult to bring them in fashion, because it is a matter of fact that they have ten times more spirit, humour, sense, and music in them, than those stringles of abominable stuff which the sons of Belial belch forth in praise of their father. I could also wish that Dr. Beattie, Dr. Goldsmith, and their fellows, would sometimes stoop to court the Grub-street mufe, and add to this collection some ballads suited to the present state of affairs. Well would they do it if they had a mind. It is not extravagant to expect that a good patriotic song or two might prevent not a few at the ensuing general election from bartering away their souls and consciences in the open face of day, for a paltry sum of money, or, still lower, for “a cup of sack and a cold capon’s legs.” To prevail upon these excellent poets, I would beg of them to remember that the ballad against Wood’s halfpence may live as long as *Guiliver’s* travels, and has done far more good; and that *Chevy Chace* and *Hardyknute* are more read than *Buchanan’s* history.

On the LANG UAGES.

HERE is always found a constant resemblance between the genius and natural complexion of each people, and the language they speak. Thus the Greeks, a polite but voluptuous nation, had a language perfectly suitable, full of delicacy and sweetnes. The Romans, who seemed only born to command, had a language noble, nervous, and august; and their descendants the Italians are sunk into softness and effeminacy, which is as visible in their language as their manners. The language of the Spaniards is full of that gravity and haughtiness of air which makes the distinguishing character of that people. The French, who have infinite vivacity, have a language that runs extremely brisk and lively. And the English, who are naturally blunt, thoughtless, and of few words, have a language exceeding short, concise, and sententious.

The Spaniards seem to place the nobleness and gravity of their language in the number

number of syllables, and the swelling of words; and speak less to be understood than admired. Their terms are big and sonorous, their expressions haughty and boisterous, and pomp and ostentation run thro' all they say. Their language cannot paint a thought to the life; it always magnifies it, often distorts it, and does nothing if it does not exceed nature. The Italian does not swell up things to that degree, but it adorns and embellishes them more; yet these ornaments and embellishments are not real beauties. The Italian expressions, thus rich and brilliant, are like those faces covered with patch and paint, which make a fine show, but the finery is all deceit.

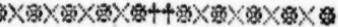
The French language (as some of their authors express themselves) is simple, without lowness; bold, without indecency; elegant and florid, without affectation; harmonious, without swelling; majestic, without pride; delicate, without softness; and strong, without roughness.

Though as to the points of strength and majesty, the French must give way to the English; which in these, as well as in copiousness and expression, exceeds most of the living languages, as far as it comes behind some of them in smoothness and delicacy. Of all the modern languages, the French is allowed to be the most clear and fit for philosophical, critical, and polite subjects; the chastest and most refined in its diction; and the most judicious and severe in its ornaments. But of all others, the English is the most open, honest, and undefining; it will not bear double meanings, nor can it palliate or hide nonsense, bad sense and good English being things inconsistent.—With all its sublimity, it is gay and pleasanter on occasion; but its gaiety is still moderated and restrained by good sense; it hates excessive ornaments, and for the greater simplicity, as some say, would almost chuse to go naked; it never dresses more than decorum or necessity requires.

The Spanish resembles those rivers whose waters are always swelling, and always muddy and turbulent; that never keep long within their channels, but are ever overflowing, and their over-flowings ever noisy and precipitate.

The Italian is like those pleasing rivulets that purr agreeably among the stones, and glide in meanders through meadows full of flowers. The French resembles one of those beautiful streams that runs briskly,

but, at the same time, smoothly and equally, without much noise or much depth.—The English, like the Nile, preserves a majesty even in its abundance; its waters roll rapidly, notwithstanding their depth, it never roars but when its banks are too narrow, nor overflows without enriching the soil. The Latin is the common mother of the three former, but the daughters have very different genius and inclinations. The Spanish, an haughty dame, that piques herself on her quality, and loves excess and extravagancy in every thing. The Italian, a coquette full of fine airs; always appearing dressed, and taking all occasions of shewing her finery, to be admired being all she aims at. The French, an easy prude, that has her share of modesty and discretion; but on occasion can lay them both aside. The English is of a more masculine temperament; it is not only of a different family from the other, but seems of a different sex too. Its virtues are those of a man; indeed it is the product of a colder climate, and rougher people, and its features may be somewhat coarser than that of its neighbours, but its faculties are more extensive, its conduct more ingenuous, and its views more noble.



QUADRILLE *without POOLING.*

SI X fish are put down by the dealer.—When a *vole* happens, there will be two fish over, which makes a second double stake. In case of a *vole*, the losers pay each three fish; and if the winners have matadores, they are also to be paid a matadore. A double stake asking *vole*, the losers to pay each four fish; and if the winners have matadores, they are to receive a matadore. A *fans prendre vole*, at a single stake, the winner with black aces is to receive from the losers eight fish and a matadore.—A double stake *fans prendre vole*, with black aces, the losers pay each 11 fish, and if the winner has matadores, then 12 fish.—If a *vole* is played and lost, the losers pay the same number of fish to the other parties that they were to have received; but the losers are entitled to take up their game, and each person must add a matadore towards making up the cross fish; and for this reason, that the losers have already paid the whole they would have received for the *vole*.

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A DISCOURSE on HUMAN LIFE;
By an Imitator of Dr. SWIFT.

AT our first setting out in the world, we have two roads before us; the one leading down hill, the other ascending. The former, by its inviting prospects, allure many; and another reason may also be given why it is so much frequented, which is, its descent, as we are all sensible it is easier to go down hill than up. The principal towns and cities on this journey are Indolence, Folly, Intemperance, Inconsideration, Inexperience, and Prodigality. These are the first stages; afterwards are Contempt, Poverty, Wretchedness, and, lastly, Repentance. Some travellers, instead of arriving at Repentance, and returning thence to Amendment, (which lies out of the road by which they came) have left these two places on their right, and rushed headlong on to inevitable ruin. There are two companions frequently met with in every stage of this journey, called Prudence and Recollection, who (if the traveller is wise enough to listen to their dictates) will bring him by a very short road (which none can find without them) to Repentance, and from thence to Amendment, and accompany him back to the place from whence he first set out, and persuaded him to pursue the other road, of which I now come to treat.

The chief places on this journey up hill are, Sobriety, Temperance, Industry, and Frugality, and these lead to several others progressively, each of which appears more inviting the farther one advances, till at length the traveller arrives at the summit of this mountainous road, where he meets with a fine plain abounding with delights, in which are situated the cities of Riches and Honour, which are joined together like London and Westminster; and if he be a worthy man, and lets the poor, and those who merit, partake of his blessings, he will have one of the most desirable dwellings allotted him in each of the two little cities of Respect and True Content. Tho' such numbers set forward for, all do not attain the end of the journey. As it must be performed during the season called Human Life, and as no adventurer that I ever yet heard of had two of these seasons allowed him to perform it in, great numbers find themselves under a necessity of taking up

their respective abodes in different places upon the road, being unable to reach any higher, by reason of the ponderous nature of their heads, and a variety of other causes too tedious to enumerate. Though many on this road travel in caravans for mutual convenience; yet among all these crowds one never meets with Friendship: If any one enquires for him, they are told there are none in company who ever had the honour of his acquaintance; they will, indeed, tell you, that they have heard their great grandfathers say, that when they were little children, they remembered having frequently seen him, but that he soon after left the country, and gave out before he went, "that, disgusted in the highest degree to find his greatest favours most generally returned with the blackest ingratitude, he was determined to retire to some far distant and unknown clime, amongst a certain wise nation, who would esteem his residence with them their greatest honour and felicity." They say that since that time he has not been heard of; and some, from this circumstance, conclude that he died on his way thither; but whether he died at sea, or on land, they cannot form any conjecture, that carries with it the least shadow of probability. Since his retreat, a being, known by the name of Self-Interest, has assumed the title, by means of a mask, which bears the likeness of Friendship, and has deceived many honest, good-natured persons; but, as he never was known to stick by the unfortunate, or indeed any others, longer than he found his account in it, every body is fully convinced that he is only a deceiver.

But it is now time to resume our discourse on the journey.

" We frequently observe, that many, by going too close to the side, flattering themselves with finding a nearer and easier road to the summit, slide down full as low, and sometimes lower than where they first started; for they often times fall down to a dreary and barren tract, called *worse than nothing*. It would be no great matter if they did not involve others in their disaster, which they scarce ever fail to do; for, finding themselves going, they catch at every thing, and generally lay hold by the leg or coat, *shirt* of a fellow traveller, who, to save himself, seizes another; and in this manner they go on, till they have got a

confid-

considerable number to bear them company, insomuch that it is no unusual sight to see them come tumbling down topsy-turvy by half scores or more at a time; and those have the mortification to find, on their arrival below, that they can never hope to climb up again with half the velocity they descended.

Almost every individual at one stage or other of this journey, picks up a wife to accompany him; though many of those who commit this act, in a little time grow very willing to get rid of her, if he knew how, regarding her as an incubus which greatly retards his progress, and embitters the sweets of his labours.

Several of those who are first, look down with exultation on those whom they behold tugging and sweating below; these, however, looking back, see many behind them, and comfort themselves with reflecting that they are not the last, and that it is likely they may overtake most or all who are before them, which is frequently the case; for when any one finds he can make greater haste than his neighbours, he pushes forward, and passes the next; there are many of these who are of equal speed; and being swifter than the rest, pull away, and obtain the name of flying caravans.

Having now given a succinct and full account of the roads, and manner of travelling in those countries, it may be expected I should likewise give a geographical description of them, and a particular one of their chief towns and cities, with their distances in measured miles, one from the other; this I should doubtless do, did I not judge it needless to publish what every one knows as well as myself, of countries so universally explored.

Thus my brain, which has long been in labour, is at length happily delivered.—Whether its fruit is a miscarriage or not, the reader may determine; only he must give me leave to assure him, that (as it is natural) I bear towards it a parental affection, and intreat him to shew it favour.

[*Town & Country Mag.*]

CHARACTER of a MODERN
COXCOMB.

THERE are three things upon which a Modern Fine Gentleman chiefly

piques himself—his success with the ladies,—his bravery,—and his family. To prove the first, he engenders more intrigues than his constitution could possibly let him go through; and though he does not publickly declare the lady whose character he fullies, he throws out so many innuendoes, it is impossible to mistake the identity of her person. As to his courage, this he maintained by the number of duels and encounters he has had at home and abroad, in which he has always shewed the greatest intrepidity. He can raise a buckram antagonist at will, and defeat him at pleasure. With regard to his family, he is lineally descended from one of noble, if not of Royal blood; and if you will not give an implicit belief to his assertion, he will produce his self-created coat of arms to testify the fact. These elogiums upon his dear self are constantly supported, decorated and embellished with a torrent of oaths, which he utters with grace and elegance, according to the most refined pronunciation.

Such are the general sentiments on which the conduct of a modern fine gentleman are founded. If you enquire about his erudition, it extends to the last new play, or the last obscene novel. As to his morals, he gives up all claim to probity, and running as much as possible in debt, without ever designing to pay; but it would destroy his reputation, if he were to defer, for four-and-twenty hours, acquitting a debt of honour. He considers it as no breach of faith or honesty to debauch his friend's wife or daughter, though it should be under his own roof, not thinking that the laws of hospitality extend to this trifling circumstance. A breach of promise he considers as the peculiar privilege of a great man; and as he aims at being one, he would not, upon any consideration, relinquish his pretensions to any of the constituent parts of that character.

Such are the general outlines of the characters of those beings whom we call *Macaronies*, and who seem to have come into the world for no other use, than to hang cloaths upon their limbs, to shew figures for the fashion.

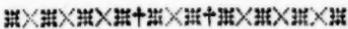
A thing of this nature stood one day at the shop door of a silk mercer, dress'd in all the essence and quintessence of fashion, fearful of disordering the most minute par-

pet to the *Macaronies*, in particular

ticular of his dress.—A sailor came by, and stopp'd to look at him; the Tar, after overhauling the Beau for some time, from top to bottom, pull'd out his pouch, and filling his own mouth with tobacco, off'r'd to the petit maître a chaw.

The delicate Mr. Primly withdrew at the filthy sight of tobacco, sick to death, and frighten'd into a fit of the palsy. The sailor seeing him retreat, roar'd out with an oath—“ Why it moves—it's alive!—well now, may I live upon short allowance if I did not think as how 'twas only a man all new painted, for the head of a pleasure-boat, and set out in the sun to dry.”

[*Town & Country Mag.*]



A MODERN CHALLENGE,

And its ANSWER.

SIR,

THE last time I had the honour of being in your company, you undesignedly and unknowingly affronted me, without making any apology, by treading on my toes, or, indeed, to speak more properly, only upon my shoe, which, at that time, was too long for me; so that had I not luckily observed this circumstance with my eyes, I should have remained ignorant of it as well as yourself.

All men of honour and spirit would regard me as a monster unfit for society, should I compromise the affair, or be satisfied with any other expiation, for this gross offence, than your blood. In vain do they plead Religion and Reason, against a practice so civilized as Duelling. No man who entertains just notions of this laudable custom, but ought to scorn to listen to either, when urged in contradiction to it. Therefore, Sir, repair to-morrow morning by five o'clock, to Hyde-park-corner, properly furnished with arms, and attended by your second; where you will meet me divested of every thing human, and disposed either to cut your throat, or blow out your brains; of which two methods of departure, I very civilly give you your choice.—I remain, notwithstanding, with great sincerity,

Sir, your *real* friend,

And humble servant.

The ANSWER.

SIR,

I Received your challenge, and being desirous to render society an acceptable service, by ridding it of an useless member, which will be the case, whoever of us falls, I shall not fail meeting you at the time mentioned, accompanied by my doughty friend and squire, who has but a moderate stomach for fighting, and is therefore equally disposed for peace or war. In the mean while, make the necessary dispositions for the day of battle, I remain, with a measure of your sincerity,

Sir, your *obliged* friend,

And very humble servant,

[*Town & Country Mag.*]



ESSAY ON IMPUDENCE,

WHILE the generality of parents were constantly preaching to their children the most serious lessons of Modesty, and enforcing their arguments by examples from the ancients, my father was no less assiduous by dinning in my ears—“ My son, learn Impudence.”

He was a man who had long studied human nature, and was not accustomed to draw conclusions from the observations of others, but from what had immediately fallen under his own notice: he saw the change of the times, and with those he changed his conduct. I was born in the evening of his life, when he plainly fore saw that he could not hope to see me arrive safe at manhood, and therefore was indefatigable, as I grew up, in making me imbibe those notions which he thought might turn out most to my advantage.

In short, my father died before the fruit of his lawful embraces was ripened to maturity; and I was left to the care of an uncle, who very *modestly* cheated me of my whole fortune, when I was turned adrift, and left to shift for myself, Not knowing, and unknown, what course to steer, With nought but Impudence—my faithful guide.

I will not trouble you with a long detail of my adventures: suffice it to say, that I have so advantageously followed the dictates of my father, that I am at present one of the right honourable common-council men

of the city of London; and, as I am intimately acquainted with Mr. Wilkes, I doubt not but I shall soon be an alderman, a lord mayor, and a member of parliament.

If we look back to the histories of former ages, and carefully examine the most illustrious actions we find there recorded, we shall soon be convinced, that what historians have dignified with the pompous titles of *great* and *glorious*, and considered as the exploits of rather gods than men, owe their sole existence to the influence of Impudence. The dispute between Cæsar and Pompey, who considered the world as limited for the possession of two such mortals, was not which was the *most worthy*, but which was the *most impudent*.

Impudence, like sterling gold, is frequently counterfeited, and used as a veil to conceal the false heart of a coward. Under this veil are properly placed modern duellists, who, to seem brave, or rather *impudent*, in the eyes of the world, pretend to look with indifference on their very existence on every trivial occasion. But such compositions of vanity and folly are even beneath censure.

When I mix in company among the Physical tribe, nothing is more common to me than to hear this exclamation,—“How lucky is our acquaintance, who, though originally a plough-boy, after a few years service in the shop of an eminent chemist, by the mere dint of Impudence, bears the title of M. D. and rolls about in his chāriot!”

If I attend any of the courts at Westminster, to hear the pleadings there, with what an invincible front do I find those *Sons of Impudence* maintain that right is wrong, black white, and quote Coke and Littleton to maintain it!

What is to be done in love or war without Impudence? How many armies have been defeated, how many towns have been taken, merely through the influence of my patron! How many tender virgins, who had long rejected the addresses of bashful Modesty, have surrendered on the first attacks of mighty Impudence!

But of all the characters that will shine in the future annals of Impudence, perhaps none will make so distinguished a figure as my worthy, patriotic friend, who, without a shilling of his own, reigns absolute sovereign

reign of the city; and does more by the influence of *my* patron, than the Prime Minister can, with all the assistance of the Exchequer.

There is, indeed, one class of mankind who must be totally excluded from any connexions with Impudence in general—the Clergy in general; and, give me leave to add, the Bishops in particular, whose invincible modesty permits them *seldom* to be seen at court, and still less frequently in the pulpit.

[*Lond. Mag.*]

Reflections on the Intercourse between the
S E X E S; with an ADVICE to the
L A D I E S.

IT has often been observed, and is much to be lamented, that, notwithstanding our improvements in elegance and politeness, we are still in a great measure strangers to that free and national intercourse between the sexes, which is so well known, and cultivated with so much care, by our neighbours on the continent. But though this observation has been allowed to be just, as often as it has been made, many are by no means agreed as to the cause of our backwardness to general society. The blame, however, has been thrown on the men. The country gentlemen are said to be so fond of drinking and obscenity, as never to be happy till the ladies have left the room; the men of letters, from an unacquaintance with polite forms, are said to be no less embarrassed in their presence, and consequently equally fond of their removal, though from a different motive; and the gentlemen of the city, (comprehending the greater part of both our men of business and fashion) we are told, have spent so much of their time among loose women, that they have not only lost all relish for the society of the virtuous part of the sex, but are in a great measure incapable of it, being always in danger of uttering some indecency, or taking some improper freedom; conscious of which, their behaviour is awkward and constrained, and, like the rest, they are willing to get away, as soon as the laws of good breeding will permit.

That these accusations are not entirely without foundation, must be allowed, to the disgrace of our national character; but,

taken

taken in their full extent, they are much more applicable to the last than the present age. The country gentlemen are now less addicted to the bottle; and, of course, have more relish for the conversation of the ladies. The men of letters have laid aside the jargon of the schools, have learned to talk agreeably; and many of them are as much at their ease in the drawing-room as in the library. The gentlemen of the metropolis, though not less devoted to licentious pleasures than formerly, are much more capable of polite conversation. Experience has taught that the favours even of wanton love are doubly dear, when enjoyed beneath the veil of modesty; and the votaries even of Venus themselves are treated with that delicacy which is due to the female character.

But notwithstanding these improvements in manners, general society, or a liberal intercourse between the sexes, is almost as little known as ever. It has not, at least, kept pace with the progress of politeness.—We are formed to be pleas'd with the company of each other: Why then such a backwardness to unite?—Why deny ourselves a felicity?—On whom shall we lay the blame?—Not on the ladies, surely; they have little business to engage their thoughts, are naturally fond of associating with the opposite sex, and the British women are as handsome and accomplished as any in the world. They are so; yet one is sorry to say it, the fault seems to lie at their door.

But it must be granted at the same time, that there is something in the temper of the English, particularly of such as have been bred to business, or habituated to study, that leads them to look upon polite conversation as too unimportant to deserve their attention, and to pay little notice to any woman, however accomplished, whom they cannot consider either in the light of a wife or of a mistress. This temper is to be lamented. But the tempers of the men, of any country, are in a great measure formed by the women. If our British ladies would act with less design, the men would behave with more freedom; would be fonder of general society, more gay in their humour, sprightly in their manner, and less devoted to the pleasures of sense.

But, lest I should seem to accuse the ladies without cause, I shall exemplify what I mean by *design*. Under this denomina-

tion, I would comprehend every attempt which a lady makes upon the heart of a gentleman, either in the character of coquette, a prude, or a plain woman; but more particularly in the last, as the consequences are generally more serious. Whenever such an attempt is made, reserve commences; the lady, from too studious an endeavour to please, becomes fussy; the gentleman catches the fainé manner through sympathy, and is disgusted with his company without knowing why; or, perceiving the trap that was laid for him, discontinues his visits; and, from that aversion which we have to be practised upon, abandons those charms whose native sweetness would have allured him, and that good-humour, which, if unconstrained, would have made him easy through life.

A conduct so destructive of polite intercourse, one would imagine could never prevail in the capital of civilized beings; yet there we find it more common than in the country. The innocence or simplicity of the country ladies, makes them overlook, or treat with indifference, many a compliment which in London would be construed into a positive declaration. In consequence of this liberality of mind, they are generally more agreeable than their town-bred sisters; and genteel conversation and general society are much more frequently to be met with in the smaller cities, than in the metropolis.

In no part of Britain, however, can we find a mixed company of any size, but some heads are running on match-making; and, selfish as it may seem, a young man can seldom pay that attention which is due to the sex, without being suspected to have some serious views. What whisperings between aunts and nieces?—“Did you ever hear what fine things he said?—How particular he was!—He is certainly in love.” The gentleman in a short time observes the look of expectation; and, if he means nothing more than civility, which is most commonly the case, he prudently breaks off the correspondence.

Let me, therefore, advise my fair country-women, for their own sakes as well as ours, to consider themselves as our reasonable companions, not as creatures formed merely for our pleasure or convenience; for whatever light they may view it in, that is the construction which we universally

fully put upon their present behaviour. By a free and disinterested intercourse with our sex, they will be better able to judge who will make good husbands; our manners would be softened, and our sentiments refined by associating with them; and they, in return, would be benefited by our solidity of understanding, and more extensive knowledge. The old would mingle with the young, the grave with the gay, and all parties would be gainers. The French would no more be mentioned as the models of elegant conversation: our society would excel theirs, as much as good sense and sincerity are superior to empty volatility and unmeaning professions.

[Sentimental Mag.]

*An ingenious Description of a Person dis-
appointed in LOVE.*

Whoever ventures all his hopes, like me,
On the frail promise of a woman's love,
Like me will be deceiv'd, and curse his folly.

SHEW me a man unfortunate in Love, and freely will I hug him as a brother in distress.—Too well I know the weight of his afflictions, and how impossible for reason to mitigate their force.

In vain he tries to mitigate his care, by mixing with society. The reflection of his loss, being ever present, excludes all social joys, and leaves him to inquietude a constant prey.

Perhaps he thinks by absence to divert his grief, and then with eager hope flies to a remote and private place, far from the relentless object of his pain. But here, alas! he is again deceived! Her image haunts him wherefo'er he moves, and baffles all attempts to lull his soul in apathy of thought, or sweet forgetfulness.

He lays him down, and hopes to enjoy a calm repose. But this expedient also fails. Fatigued and worn out as he is, that sooth-ing cordial sleep forsakes him! He feels, perhaps, a short relief from pain, by thinking on those scenes of bliss, which his warm imagination form'd in happier days; but soon the pleasing transport's o'er;—the bitter certainty of his charmer's scorn with cutting keenness pierces to his soul; and like a man condemned, whose hopes of a reprieve prove vain and fruitless, again he sinks into despair; his fortitude is lost, he yields himself overpowered by misery and

anguish, and groaning rises such a wretch as I am.

Entertaining PARODY of the K—G's
SPEECH.

I WENT a few days ago, according to annual custom, to a valuable friend in our neighbourhood, to enjoy some of those innocent pleasures that constitute a merry Christmas ; and of course I did not return till I had been present at drawing King and Queen, and eat a slice of the Twelfth Cake made by the fair hand of my friend's consort.

After tea yesterday a noble cake was produced, and two bowls containing the fortunate chances for the different sexes. You must know, my worthy friend has a spice of Jacobitism about him, and his father, in the year forty-five, was as near being hanged as any of the King's friends; but, since "Over the Water to Charley" is no longer sung in the family, he is become a staunch friend to the Administration; and, as he had filled up the tickets himself, our whole company, except the King and Queen, were Ministers of State, Maids of Honour, or Ladies of the Bed-chamber.

Our kind host and honest hostels, whether by design or accident I will not determine, became King and Queen, to the no small satisfaction of the company; especially as we were pleased, that the good Lady our Queen, who was as big as she could tumble, would join in the mirth of this Christmas gambol.

You know, according to Twelfth-day law, each party is to sustain their character till midnight. After supper one of the company called upon his Majesty for a King's speech. Our host, though not able to give one himself, had good humour enough on the occasion to join in the joke, and call upon his Chancellor of the Exchequer, whom he called his Prime Minister, and the Keeper of his Oratory, as the Lord Chancellor, who sat next him, was of his council, to make him one. The Prime Minister withdrew, and, after a little cabal with some of the servants of the house, returned with the following speech, which being put into the hands of our most Gracious Sovereign, he delivered it in a very decent manner, as follows :

My Lords and Gentlemen,
The unusual length of the grace before
supper

supper made me desirous of giving you as long time to eat and drink as the public mirth would admit; I have therefore been glad to find myself under no necessity of calling you from your respective places at an earlier season; and I doubt not but you are now met together in the best disposition for the applying yourselves to the dispatch of general bumpers.

You will, I am persuaded, agree with me in regretting, that an equal price, so long expected, and so very desirable, is not yet effected between the Claret and the Port; but it is with real satisfaction I can repeat, that all my neighbours continue still to have the same dispositions with myself. I can have no other wish than to see the general toast flourish: For the establishment and subsequent preservation of which no endeavours of mine, while I have half a crown, shall ever be wanting.

In this state of affairs, you will have full leisure to attend to the improvement of our internal and domestic situation; and to the prosecution of measures more immediately respecting the preservation and advancement of good humour and the bottle. Among the objects which, in this view, will come under your consideration, none can better deserve your attention than the state of the gold coin; which I must recommend to you in a more particular manner, as well on account of its very high importance, as of the peculiar advantages which the present time affords, for executing with success such measures as you may find it expedient to adopt with respect to this great national concern, when a bottle of wine or a pot of beer cannot be got without it.

The degree of diminution which that coin had actually suffered, and the very rapid progress which the mischief was daily making, were truly alarming. It is with much satisfaction that I have seen the evil, in a great measure, checked by the regulations of the new invented weights and scales. I trust, however, that you will not stop here, nor think that you have discharged your duty either to your country, or your fellow subjects, without using your best endeavours for putting the gold coin upon such a footing as may not only completely remove the present grievance, but render our love of claret, port, and porter,

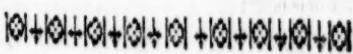
sufficiently secure from being again exposed to the like danger.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

I have ordered the proper estimate of the current hours to be laid before you, and rely on your readiness to enjoy with me such supplies of wine as shall be found requisite in the present situation of our mirth.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

The experience I have had of your past conduct leaves me no room to doubt, either of your zeal or prudence, in your endeavours to promote the welfare of this company. You will not suffer any of the public toasts to escape your attention; but, various and extensive as those are, you will be careful to select such of them as shall appear to be most convivial: And you can propose no measures, that will serve either to secure or advance the happiness or prosperity of the fair, in which you may not always depend on my most hearty concurrence.



On the TREATMENT of SERVANTS.

THOSE who continually change their Servants, and complain of perpetual ill usage, have good reason to believe, that they do not know how to govern. Few, indeed, possess the skill to unite authority with kindness, or are capable of that steady, and uniformly reasonable conduct, which alone can maintain true dignity, and command a willing and attentive obedience.—Let us not forget that human nature is the same in all stations. If you can convince your servants, that you have a generous and considerate regard to their health, their interest, and their reasonable gratifications; that you impose no commands, but what are fit and right, nor ever reprove, but with justice and temper; why should you imagine that they will be insensible to the good they receive? or whence imagine them incapable of esteeming and prizeing such a Master or Mistress? I could never without indignation hear it said, that “ Servants had no Gratitude;” as if the condition of Servitude excluded the virtues of Humanity.—The truth is, Masters and Mistresses have seldom any real claim to gratitude. They think highly of what they be-

flow, and little of the service they receive. They consider only their own convenience, and seldom reflect on the kind of life their servants pass with them. They do not ask themselves whether it is such an one, as is consistent with the preservation of their health, their morals, their leisure for religious duties, or with a becoming share of the enjoyments and comforts of life. The dissipated manners, which now so generally prevail, a perpetual absence from home, or at all public places, is in all these respects pernicious to the whole household, and to the Men servants absolutely ruinous. — Their only resource in the tedious hours of waiting, while their masters and ladies are engaged in diversions, is to find out something of the same kind for themselves. — Thus are they led into gaming, drinking, extravagance, and bad company; — and thus, by a natural progression, they become dishonest and dishonest. That attachment and affiance which ought to subsist between the dependant and protector, are destroyed. The master looks on his attendants as thieves and traitors, while they consider him as one whose money only gives him power over them, and who uses that power without the least regard to their welfare. — The fool saith, “I hey who eat my bread speak evil of me.” (Ecclef. xx. 6.) Thus foolishly do those complain, who choose their servants, as well as their friends, without discretion, or who treat them in a manner that no worthy person will bear.

If you live to be at the head of a family, I hope you will not only avoid all injurious treatment of your servants, but behave to them with that courtesy and good-breeding, which will heighten their respect as well as affection. If, on any occasion, they do more than you have a right to require, give them at least the reward of seeing, that they have obliged you. If in your service they have any hardship to endure, let them see, that you are really concerned for the necessity of imposing it. — When they are sick, give them all the attention, and every comfort in your power, with a free heart, and kind countenance; “Not blemishing thy good deeds, nor using uncomfortable words when thou givest any thing. Is not a word better than a gift? But both are with a gracious man! A fool will upbraid shunishly, and a gift

of the envious consumeth the eyes.” — (Ecclef. xviii. 15. and 18.)

Whilst you thus endear yourself to all your servants, you must ever carefully avoid making a favourite of any. Unjust distinctions, and weak indulgences to one, will of course excite envy and hatred in the rest. Your favourite may establish whatever abusus she pleases. None will dare to complain against her, and you will be kept ignorant of her ill practices; but you will feel the effects of them, by finding all your other servants uneasy in their places; and perhaps by being continually obliged to change them.

When they have spent a reasonable time in your service, and have behaved commendable, you ought to prefer them, if in your power, or to recommend them to a better provision. The hope of this keeps alive attention and gratitude, and is the necessary support of industry. Like a parent, you should keep in view their establishment, in some way which may preserve their old age from indigence: And to this end you should endeavour to inspire them with care to lay up part of their gains, and constantly discourage in them all vanity in dress, and extravagance in idle expences. You cannot doubt but that you are bound to promote their eternal, as well as temporal welfare, since, next to your children, they are your nearest dependants. You ought therefore to instruct them, as far as you are able, furnish them with good books suited to their capacity, and see that they attend the public worship of God. And you must take care so to pass the sabbath-day, as to allow them time, on that day at least, for reading and reflection at home, as well as for attendance at Church. Though this is a part of your religious duty, it is also a part of family management. For the same reason I earnestly recommend family prayers, which are useful to all, but most particularly to servants; who, being constantly employed, are too often led to the neglect of private prayer; and whose ignorance makes it very difficult for them to frame devotions for themselves, or to chuse proper helps amidst the numerous books of superstitious or enthusiastic nonsense, which are printed. This will probably increase their respect for you, and will be some restraint, at least, on their outward behaviour.

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*An ESSAY on the
STATE of LITERATURE
In GREAT-BRITAIN.*

IT is at once a very pleasing and very useful talk, to trace the progres of the human mind from darkness and error to light and truth: To observe the flow and almost imperceptible motion by which human learning advances towards perfection; and to mark the various incidents which have contributed, at different periods of time, to withdraw the veil of ignorance, and introduce discoveries which the reasoning faculty of man, without assistance, would perhaps never have made.

About the time of William the Conqueror, all Europe was sunk in the abyss of ignorance. The learning of the ancients was forgotten, and ferocious barbarism had consigned the arts to oblivion. But, from that era, some faint beams of the sun of science began to appear; and these gleams of light preceded the full morning, when letters were revived in the fifteenth century.

But the arts were principally confined to the continent; the British islands still lay in darkness for many years; and only a part of the veil was withdrawn till the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the minds of the English seem to have undergone a total revolution. Men of sedentary professions had hitherto cultivated letters; they had not till now begun to spread themselves in any remarkable degree among men of the world. Arts, both liberal and mechanical, were every day receiving vast improvements. Columbus had discovered the New World, and the Portuguese had found a passage to the East-Indies by the Cape of Good-Hope: Navigation was extended over the whole globe: Drake had compleated the tour of the world, and made his countrymen acquainted with circumstances before hardly suspected. Travelling was secure and agreeable; and the general system of politics in Europe was become more enlarged and comprehensive. The ideas of men expanded themselves on all sides, and the several parts of the Gothic government, which seemed to have lain asleep for so many ages, began every where to operate and inroach upon each other. In England, the love of freedom, which, unlets

minutely checked, flourishes extremely in all liberal minds, acquired new force, and was regulated by more enlarged views, suitable to that cultivated understanding which became every day more common among men of birth and education.

About this time the great Chancellor Bacon enlightened the world by his writings. If we consider the variety of talents displayed by this great man, as a public speaker, a man of business, a wit, a courtier, a companion, an author, a philosopher, he is justly an object of admiration. He pointed out at a distance the road to true philosophy, and recommended experiments and observations as the only assistants to discover the secrets of nature. Raleigh and Cambden flourished at the same time, and both assisted in improving the sciences.

Every art and science, as well as polite literature, was then in its infancy. Scholastic learning and polemical divinity retarded the growth of true knowledge. Sir Henry Savile, who annexed a salary to the mathematical and astronomical Professors at Oxford, says, that geometry was almost totally abandoned and unknown in England. The best learning of that age was the study of the ancients.

In the time of Charles I. before the unhappy wars drove the muses from their seats, polite learning and elegant language were favoured at Court, and a good taste began to prevail in the nation. The King loved pictures, sometimes handled the pencil himself, and was a good judge of the imitative arts. Vandyke was caressed and enriched at Court. Inigo Jones was Master of the Board of Works, and adorned the nation with many beautiful pieces of architecture: And Laws, who had not been surpassed by any master before him, was organist of the King's chapel.

Civil wars, especially when founded on principles of liberty, are not often unfavourable to the arts of elegance and composition. Perhaps, by presenting noble and more interesting objects, they amply compensate for that tranquility, of which they bereave the Muses. The speeches of the Parliamentary Orators during this period are much superior to what any former age had produced in England; and the force and compass of our tongue was then

first put to the trial. But the misfortune was, a strange fanaticism prevailed in the nation; which was no less destructive of taste and science than of law and order. Gaiety and wit were proscribed: Human learning despised: Freedom of enquiry detested: Cant and hypocrisy alone encouraged.

It is, however, very remarkable, that one of the greatest geniuses England ever produced shone forth in this period. This was the famous Milton, author of *Paradise Lost*; a work that will remain a monument of human abilities, as long as the English language continues. It should also be remembered, that Milton composed this wonderful poem during a state of poverty, blindness, disgrace, danger, and old age.

Waller, the first refiner of English versification, Cowley and Denham, flourished at the same time, and sufficiently inform us by their writings of the state of that species of composition at the close of the civil war. Hobbes and Harrington also wrote during that period. The former was then much celebrated abroad: at present he is greatly neglected: The Oceana of the latter is still justly admired as a work of great genius and invention. Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, will always be ranked among the benefactors of mankind. He also enjoyed the singular happiness of establishing at once his theory on the most solid and convincing proofs; and posterity has added little to the arguments suggested by his industry and ingenuity.

Soon after the restoration of Charles II. the Royal Society was established by patent; but Charles contributed nothing farther to the advancement of the sciences. This society was composed of men whose names will be immortal. Besides Wilkins, Wren, Wallis, Halley, all eminent mathematicians, Hooke, an eminent and accurate observer by microscopes; and Sydenham, the restorer of true physic, there flourished a Boyle, a Newton, and a Locke, men who trod with cautious, and therefore more secure steps, the only road which leads to true philosophy.

Boyle improved the pneumatic engine invented by Otto Gueicke, and was thence enabled to make many new and curious experiments on the air as well as on other

bodies. His discoveries are all founded on experiments; but his reasoning is still remote from that boldness and temerity which had led astray so many philosophers. He was a sincere lover of truth, and sought her in all his enquiries with the utmost care and circumspection.

Newton may justly be considered as the greatest genius that ever arose for the ornament and instruction of the human species. Cautious of admitting no principles but what were founded on experiment, but resolute to adopt every such principle, however new or unusual: From modesty, ignorant of his superiority above the rest of mankind, and thence less careful to accommodate his reasonings to common apprehensions: More anxious to merit than acquire fame: He was from these causes long unknown to the world; but his reputation at last broke out with a lustre, which sears any writer, during his own life-time, had ever before attained. He discovered the force that retains the planets in their orbits; shewed us at once how to distinguish the causes of their motions, and to calculate them with an exactness scarce to have been expected from the joint labour of ages. He discovered a system of optics entirely new, and shewed mankind the nature of light by analysing it. His method of fluxions was alone sufficient to render his name immortal.

Locke displayed all the depths of metaphysics, and banished for ever the absurd abstractions of the schools, which had so long obstructed the path of knowledge. He entered deep into himself, and after surveying and considering what he there experienced, presented the world with his *Essay on Human Understanding*. He reduced metaphysics to what they really ought to be, the experimental philosophy of the soul.

Besides these great men, Temple, Tillotson, Butler, Dryden, Wycherley, and Otway, were contemporaries. After the Revolution, a new race sprung up in the republic of learning and the arts. Most of those already enumerated were still alive, and in the full possession of their faculties, Addison, Prior, Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke, Arbuthnot, Congreve, Steele, Rowe, and many other excellent writers, both in prose and verse, need only be mentioned to be admired; and the English were equally triumphant.

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triumphant in literature and in war. Natural and moral philosophy still kept pace with polite learning, and even religious and political disputes contributed to the advancement of letters.

The imitative arts are now making hasty strides towards perfection: Our schools of painting bid fair to be soon the first in Europe. Medicine, surgery, botany, anatomy, and all the arts for preserving life, have been carried to the greatest perfection in this country; the same may nearly be said of music and theatrical exhibitions. Even agriculture and mechanism are now reduced to sciences. In ship-building, clock-work, and the various branches of cutlery, the English stand unrivalled.

Such is the state of literature in England. Improvements are making daily, and foreigners now think a visit to this country almost absolutely necessary to complete their education.

[*Univ. Mag.*]

THE LIFE OF THE REV. MR. STERNE.

L AURENCE Sterne, commonly known by the name of Yorick, and who introduced the present mode of sentimental writing, was born in the most un-sentimental place in the world:—Ireland is not a country very celebrated for the milky drops of humanity. Yorick first drew the vital air in the barracks of Dublin; but, though born in the army, he was allied to the church, his great grandfather being an archbishop, and his uncle a prebendary; and Yorick himself served at the altar. How worthily the reader must determine.

After a common school education, in which he discovered no singular marks either of genius or stupidity, young Sterne was sent to the university of Cambridge; where, it is said, he spent the usual number of years in reading a little, laughing a great deal, and in frequently plaguing and puzzling his tutors. It is therefore little wonder that he left that seat of the sciences with the character of “an odd sort of fellow;” but they added, in alleviation of the censure, that he was a fellow that had “no harm in him;” and who had talents if he would exert them.

On leaving the university, Mr. Sterne was provided with a small benefice in

Yorkshire, where he lived for some time in a retired manner; and, in all probability, he would have died in the same obscurity, if chance had not afforded a mark for his genius, at the same time that it secured him a patron. The circumstance happened as follows.

A person who enjoyed a lucrative benefice, not satisfied with holding it during his own life-time, was attempting, by unfair means, to have it entailed upon his wife and son, to the injury of the expectant, an acquaintance of Mr. Sterne’s, and one of the worthiest men in the world. The worthiest men, however, have not always the most interest: this gentleman was unable to prevent the measures of his adversary. At this instant Yorick stepped in, or rather sprung to life.

He was concerned to see so good a man on the point of being unjustly cut off from the hopes of a reversion, of which he had thought himself sure, and to which he was entitled both by his merit and his place: his genius was awakened; and he wrote “the History of a good warm Watch-coat, with which the present possessor is not content to cover his own shoulders, unless he can cut out of it a petticoat for his wife, and a pair of breeches for his son.”

The very title of this performance contains so much keen satire, that the monopolizer sent him word, as soon as he heard of it, that he would resign his pretensions, if the farce was suppressed. Mr. Sterne complied; and his friend, in a short time, succeeded to the living.

Another incident, much about the same time, contributed to establish the reputation of Yorick’s wit. He was one day in the coffee-room of an inn at York, where he had put up, along with some gentlemen of the church, when a youth came in, who gave general offence to the company, by declaiming against the hypocrisy of the clergy. After this would-be-wit had proceeded for some time, as he thought, triumphantly, he appealed to Mr. Sterne for the truth of his assertions; who, instead of making a direct answer, humorously began a dissertation on his dog.

“ My dog, sir, (said he) is the handsomest dog you ever saw; he is sprightly, good-natured, and at first-sight charms every body; but he has an ugly trick

which spoils all his good qualities:—He never sees a clergyman, (continued the humorist) but he flies at him."

" How long, sir, may he have had that trick?"

" Even since he was a *puppy*," replied Mr. Sterne.

The youth felt the force of the satire, turned upon his heel, and retired without uttering a word, while Mr. Sterne received the proper compliments of his brother clergymen for so well-timed a piece of wit.

Yorick was henceforth distinguished, within the circle of his acquaintance, for his lively vein of humour; but his name had never reached the capital when the two first volumes of Tristram Shandy made their appearance. They were printed at York, and offered to the booksellers there on very moderate terms; but these gentlemen, unable to estimate the value of an original work, offered little more than the price of paper and print; so that the author was under the necessity of publishing it on his own account, under every possible disadvantage. Happily for him, however, a few of the books found their way to London, where novelty is universally courted, and genius is seldom long undiscovered. The impression was immediately sold off, and the booksellers, now roused from their ignorance, offered large sums for the future property of the copy. It was sold for six hundred pounds; an excessive sum for two small volumes, and more than ten times the price originally asked.

The publication of these two volumes brought Mr. Sterne into high reputation as an author: they were soon in every body's hands. All people read, most applauded, but few understood them. Yorick was considered as the genius of the age, his company was courted by the great, the learned, the witty, and the gay. It was considered as a matter of pride to have spent an evening with the author of Tristram Shandy.

Mr. Sterne, however, tho' not insensible to the voice of praise, was never so much intoxicated with it as to forget the main chance: he made use of his new acquaintance, along with his former connection, to procure a prebendaryship in York cathedral, and succeeded.

Immediately after his advancement in the church, Mr. Sterne published two volumes of sermons, which the severest critics could not help admiring for the purity of their style, the elegance of their composition, and the excellency of their moral tendency: but the manner in which they were introduced to the world was generally blamed. He acquaints the public, that " The sermon which gave rise to the publication of these, having been offered to the public as a sermon of Yorick's, [in Tristram Shandy] he hoped the serious reader would find nothing to offend him in these two volumes being continued under the same name."

This very apology was considered as an additional insult to religion: it was asked, if any man could think a preacher in earnest, who should mount the pulpit in a harlequin's coat. But, with all due respect to religion and decency, I cannot help thinking, that it matters very little in what coat a man mounts the pulpit, if his doctrine is good; and this being granted, he should certainly wear the coat which attracts most hearers, as by that means he will have the greater opportunity of benefitting mankind: such appears to have been Mr. Sterne's case: if he had published his sermons in his own name, they would not have been read by one person out of ten, and not at all by the people who have most need of instruction.

The third and fourth volumes of Tristram Shandy soon made their appearance; but they were not received with so much eagerness as the two first volumes of that work. They had, however, many admirers, and the author was encouraged to proceed to the length of nine volumes. It is almost needless here to observe of a book so universally read, that the story of the hero's life is the least part of the writer's concern. It is, in reality, nothing more than a vehicle for satire on a variety of subjects; and most of the satirical strokes are introduced with little regard to any connection either with the principal story or with each other. The author continually digresses; or, rather, having no determined aim, he runs from object to object, as they happen to strike a very lively and very irregular imagination. These digressions, so frequently repeated, instead of relieving the reader's attention,

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become of themselves tiresome, and the whole is a perpetual series of disappointment. But, notwithstanding these, and other blemishes, the history of Tristram Shandy has uncommon merit. The satire with which it abounds, though not always happily introduced, is spirited, poignant, and often extremely just. The characters, though somewhat overcharged, are lively and in nature; and the author possesses, in a very high degree, the talent of catching the ridiculous in every object, and never fails to present it to his readers in the most agreeable point of view. Nor was his talent confined to the ludicrous only: the story of Le Fevere is one of the most highly-finished and masterly examples of true pathos to be found in any language, and would have made its author immortal, though he had never written any thing else.

Mr. Sterne's health had been for some time declining: change of climate was therefore recommended. He made the tour of France and Italy. How much he improved the opportunities which this afforded him of observing the manners of mankind, is sufficiently known to those who have read the *Sentimental Journey*, (and who has not?) one of the most elegant and engaging compositions in any language. What a pity that he did not live to finish it! Though he seems desirous only to entertain, he is often highly instructive; and he has given us a more perfect picture of French manners, without the parade of information, than all our travellers who went before him, and all who have written since. Nothing can be more nationally characteristic than the following scene with the grillet.

" If it is the same blood which comes from the heart, which descends to the extremities (touching her wrist) I am sure you must have one of the best pulses in the world."

" Feel," said she, holding out her arm.

" So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two fore-fingers of the other to the artery.

" I had counted twenty pulsations, (continues he) and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband coming unexpectedly from a back parlour

into the shop, put me a little out of my reckoning.—I was nobody but her husband, she said—so I began a fresh score."

" Monsieur is so good (quoth she) as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse."

" The husband took off his hat, and making a low bow, said I did him too much honour; and having said that, put on his hat, and walked out."

Soon after the publication of the two first volumes of the *Sentimental Journey*, and before he had time to prepare the remainder for the press, to the sincere sorrow of all true lovers of humour and sentiment, Mr. Sterne died, in March, 1768. He was little turned of fifty, but had been for many years in a declining state, and was very much emaciated; yet he never lost his gaiety or good humour, but was sprightly and jocular to the last. This has by some been considered as his reproach, and we will not dispute it with them; they shall view life as gravely as they please, and death with as much horror: Yorick, however, was consistent; he died as he had lived, laughing at folly, feeling for misery, and making his friends and himself happy.

To attempt his character, after it has been so admirably executed by himself, would be at once superfluous and dangerous. I shall therefore give an abstract of it in his own elegant colouring.

" He was as mercurial and sublimated a composition, as heteroclite a creature in all his declensions—with as much life and whim, and *gaîté de cœur* about him, as the kindest climate could have engendered and put together. With all this fail, poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballast; he was utterly unpractised in the world; and, at the age of twenty-six, knew just about as well how to steer his course in it as a romping unsuspecting girl of thirteen. He had an invincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravity, and would say, 'twas a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was worth; and that, with all its pretensions, it was no better, but often worse, than what a French wit had long ago defined it, viz. " A mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind;"—which definitive

imprudence, would say, derived to be written in letters of gold.

" But in plain truth, he was altogether as indiscreet and foolish on every other subject of discourse, where policy is wont to impel restraint. Yorick had no impression but one, and that was what arose from the nature of the deed spoken of; which impression he would usually translate into plain English without any distinction of personage, time, or place; so that when mention was made of a pitiful or an ungenerous proceeding, he never gave himself time to reflect who was the hero of the piece, what his station, or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter; but, if it was a dirty action, without more ado the man was a dirty fellow, and so on; and, as his comments had usually the ill fate to be terminated either in *bon mot*, or to be enlivened throughout with some drollery or humour of expression, it gave wing to Yorick's indiscretion. In fine, though he sought, yet, at the same time, as he as seldom shunned occasions of faying what came uppermost, and without ceremony, he had but too many temptations in life of scattering his wit and his humour, his gibes and his jests about him. They were not lost for want of gathering."

[*Sent. Mag.*]



The CONJUGAL DIVERS, A VISION.

I Was reading a few nights ago of a race of Indians, who always recommended themselves to their lady-loves, by their depth of diving in the sea; and he that went the furthest, was entitled to his choice of a wife, or the fairest lady chose him, for his aquatic power of plunging and sinking. The whimsicality of the custom dwelt much upon my mind, and continued to haunt my understanding in my sleep. Methought I was walking upon the new terrace of Richmond-Gardens, when I discovered a concourse of people before the naked villa of Sir Charles Algyll, at Richmond. I peir forward with much eagerness to know the eagerness of the assembly; when a very corpulent matron informed me, that nine young men were going to dive for a wife;

and as the nine young men were, there was a fine well limbed young fellow, about six feet high, and as well proportioned for diving as any young man I had ever seen; he plunged with an heroick air into the stream, and continued under water upwards of two minutes; he rose to the acclamations of the people, and the lady's eyes flashed with lambent fire. I thought she seemed so agitated, that her inclinations were fixed upon this youth, till a second stepped forth much less in stature, but elegantly made, light, fair, and active; he ran from the bank, and went so easily into the stream, that he hardly made a splash in dividing the waves; two minutes and a quarter he continued unseen: great bets were now laid upon his art of sinking, till the third came forward, who was a raw red-bearded Scotman, tempted to take a leap for the sake of the money: Saunders took the waters like a Tweed salmon; and indeed the scaly appearance of his back seemed to show more of the fish than the man.— Some men, who were more inclined to be witty than candid, said, that the dusky spots were made by the sun and the air; which was a plain proof that Saunders had not long left off his country's dress.— However, Saunders was not intimidated with the flash of their sarcasms; but grave as a priest at a kirk, he plunged in, and made as large a hole in the water, as a whale: when he rose, which was not long, he spluttered and splashed in such a manner, that the mob concluded he was drowning, so a boat was put off to take up poor Saunders, who was going in a great hurry to the devil by water. When he came out, it was some time before he recovered his speech: they rolled him upon the sod, and he threw up much water. The lady asked him, why he was so rash to attempt a task which he seemed so very unfit for: "In troth (answered Sawney) a faint heart never won a fine lady; for your fortune, my lady, I'd tak another dip." Did you never, Sir, (continued the heroine) try to swim before? "No, no, my lady; but what has swimming to do with diving? I knew well enough I could sink like a stone, and that was *au* that was wanting: but it will *nae* do; I am no matters of a hand at rising." So I perceived, added the lady, and there-fore

The fourth was a little tight fiery Welch-man; who swore by the *pomes* of Shaint Davit, that he could swim like a pike, and dive like an eel, and that he would have her, by Got's blessing, as sure as a goat had horns." Upon that he sprung from the bank, but he was never seen more. An Irishman observed, that he was gone to Monmouth by the Thames. The fifth was a volatile feathered fool of a Frenchman, who strutted forth with his snuff-box in his hand, declaring, "by the power of de Grand Monarch, that he would de swim from Calais to de Indes Orientals, but he would posseſs de Belle Dame and her fortune; dat de Englishmens did not know how to swim, and dat he would dem instruct." Upon this frothy preface, he leaped in, and sunk like a stone; the mob marvelled at his absurdity, and he was taken up below Isleworth, half drowned.

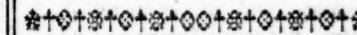
When he returned to the lady, with all the ease, impudence, and grimace, he declared "Dat the water Anglois was very bad, very weak: dat it was no like to de water Francois, not so strong by de much."—The lady smiled upon his vanity, and the Frenchman, half perished with cold, and his knees knocking against each other, took a pinch of snuff, and put on his cloaths.

The next three were less fitted to the task than the rest, and like puppies, they went down the stream. The ninth was a very handsome officer from Ireland, about the age of twenty-eight, five feet ten inches high, well proportioned, of a fair and ruddy complexion, with long black hair, plated down his back; which was snowy white, and such as the fairest nymph might have envied. He walked upon the strand with dignity and grace, and shewed every proportion of the most manly nature. The ladies hung upon him with attention; some seemed to wish to make him an offer of their charms to divert him from so rash an attempt. The lady seemed herself very desirous of altering his trial, and was willing to accept him without further proof of his abilities. But that could not be suffered. When he was ready to plunge into the rapid stream, he turned round to the fair lady, and with a most respectful bow, kissed her lily and most delicate hand; fire flashed

Hibernian champion had kindled in them. Off he sprung, and contrary to the rest, showed such amazing powers and strength, that he dived and swam against the stream, and after being some minutes under the water, he arose again at the upper part of the town, then negligently turned, swam down the river with the greatest ease, and came out with an air of triumph, and demanded the beauteous prize. Such a fluid swam in her bright black eyes, as I never saw before; she met him with the most expressive rapture, and hung about his neck a blue ribband; to which was bound her own lovely picture, set with diamonds.—The men all expressed by the most penetrating looks how much they envied him; and the ladies hung their lovely heads, and shewed how much they wished to posseſs her place. A most superb banquet was prepared for the celebrating of the wedding; musick and dancing were added; and the following elegant lines were pinned upon the conjugal curtains.

Let Love and Laughter consecrate the time;
The Smiles, the Graces on your curtains climb;
Let Flora each perfume profuse distill,
And down of Cupid'swings your pillows fill,
Let all your future days be like the first;
Deep may you drink, and yet for ever thirst.

[*Lond. Mag.*]



*On the absurd COMPLIMENTS which
PEOPLE pay to PARENTS, on the
LIKENESS of CHILDREN.*

Mother's mouth, and mother's nose,
Father's eyes as black as floes.

I WAS drawn into this essay by the observations I made the other day upon a christening visit. The whole house was in smiles, and every thing was purchased new, in honour of the little heir. The men all looked as if they had made free with the cellar; the maids, as if they were properly elevated with caudle; and master Charley, who was the occasion of the festivity, seemed to have had more of the bottle than agreed with his young stomach, as it flowed spontaneously from it again.—The situation of a lady in the straw has something in it pleasing and

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and dignified : she commands at once our admiration and respect. I have been puzzled to know from whence this expression took its rise; I cannot attribute it to any thing more probable, than the state of the Blessed Mary, when she brought forth her child Jesus in the stable; and this expression is now the remains of the Roman church, which always introduced these sayings, that every thing more or less might keep pace with the New Testament.

The gossips being met, and all the ladies of the circle of her acquaintance collected together, with each a *half-crown* of *King Charles* ready for the nurse, I sat still in the arm chair, and attended to the remarks of all the dames and virgins: one said, it was a sweet creature; another, it was a charming baby; a third, that it was the picture of papa; a fourth, that it was mamma's *own* child; a fifth, that it had its mother's eyes; a sixth, that it had its father's nose; a seventh, that it had its mother's pretty little ears; an eighth, that she was sure it would be sensible, for it was the picture of papa; a ninth, that she vowed it would be musical, for it smiled as soon as she hummed a tune; a tenth, that the child would be brave, for as soon as it saw the captain's red coat, it clinched its sweet little fist, and kicked immoderately, and so on; till another lady came in with a fine boy, when all the company, with unanimous accord, declared, that master Tommy was the picture of his father, the captain: they over-powered the boy with caresses, and the lady with compliments, till she had an opportunity of undecceiving them, by assuring the ladies all, that master Tommy was her nephew, and that his father lived one hundred miles from the metropolis. The ladies all stared; they were loth to retract their assertions, and so to support their argument, they began to whisper a little scandal to each other, that so many persons could not be deceived, and therefore master Tommy's mother must have played truant with the captain his uncle.

I shall finish this gossiping story, with an anecdote of the late Lady Tyrawley, who was paying a christening visit, and after waiting a long time with great impatience to see the child, which the nurse was to bring down, the footman came

into the apartment to mend the fire; and her ladyship being prodigiously near-sighted, and at this time very eager to testify her zeal, and shew her compliments, the first, by a thousand common-place observations on the bantling; she ran up immediately to the servant, who had the coal bucket in his hand, and said, with uncommon volubility, "It is the sweetest creature I ever beheld; my lord duke's nose, my lady duchess's eyes and mouth; dear nurse, this is an universal joy, for sure no mother ever had so sweet a creature." The company all stared, her ladyship never discovered her error, called for her chair, found herself very happy that she had paid her visit, and returned home full of the praises of his grace's delightful baby.

[*Lond. Mag.*]

* * * * *

Curious STORY of a FISHERMAN.
(From Brooke's *Juliet Grenville*, just published.)

THE Marquis della Scala, an Italian, once invited the gentry of his neighbourhood to a grand entertainment, and all the delicacies of the season were accordingly provided.

Some of the company had already arrived, in order to pay their very early respects to his excellency, when the major domo, all in a hurry, came into the dining-room.

"My lord (said he) here is a most wonderful fisherman, below, who has brought one of the finest fish, I believe, in Italy; but then he demands such a price for it! Regard not his price, cried the Marquis, pay it down directly. So I would, please your highness, but he refuses to take money. Why, what would the fellow have? A hundred strokes of the strappado on his bare shoulders, my lord; he says he will not bate of a single blow.

"Here they all ran down, to have a view of this rarity of a fisherman. A fine fish, a most exquisite fine fish, cried the Marquis! What is your demand, my friend? you shall be paid on the instant. Not a quavini, my lord: I will not take money. If you would have my fish, you must order me a hundred lashes of the strappado upon my naked back; If not, I shall go and apply elsewhere.

" Rather

"Rather than lose our fish, (said his highness) let the fellow have his humour. Here! he cried, to one of his grooms, discharge this honest man's demand; but don't lay on very hard; don't hurt the poor devil very much."

The fishmonger then stripped, and the groom prepared to put his lord's orders in execution. "Now my friend (cried the fishmonger) keep good account, I beseech you, for I am not covetous of a single stroke beyond my due."

They all stood suspended in amaze, while this operation was carrying on. At length, on the instant that the executioner had given the fiftieth lash, "Hold! (cried the fisherman) I have already received my full share of the price." "Your share! (questioned the Marquis) what can you mean by that?"

"Why, my lord, you must know I have a partner in this business. My honour is engaged to let him have half of whatever I should get; and I fancy that your highness will acknowledge, by and by, that it would be a thousand pities to defraud him of a single stroke." "And pray, my friend, who is this same partner of yours?" "It is the Porter, my lord, who guards the out-gate of your highness's palace. He refused to admit me, but on the condition of promising him the half of what I should get for my fish."

"O ho! (exclaimed the Marquis, breaking out into a laugh) by the blessing of heaven, he shall have his demand doubled to him in full tale."

Here the Porter was sent for, and stripped to the skin, when two grooms laid on him with might and main, till they rendered him fit to be fainted for a second Bartholomew.

The Marquis then ordered his major domo to pay the fisherman twenty sequins; and desired him to call yearly for the like sum, in recompence of the friendly office he had rendered him.



A N E C D O T E S.

Lord Chief Justice HALE.

WHEN Mr. Hale was a student at Oxford, he and some other young gentlemen, his friends, being out on a shooting party, became much fatigued, and wanted some refreshment; and meeting

MISCELL. VOL. I.

with a public-house, they agreed to go in, and get such as it produced: but upon enquiry among one other, it appeared that no one of the party had any money! Invention therefore was necessary; and Mr. Hale seeing a miserable old trotting female sitting in the chimney-corner, he enquired the cause of her condition? — She had been sorely afflicted, she said, for more than a whole year, with the Ague, which baffled all the skill of the *Doctors*. Mr. Hale immediately declared he would remove her complaint in ten days time, and accordingly got a pair of scissars, and cutting out a circular piece of paper, wrote a line in Virgil in the margin thereof, and bid her wear it about her neck. The old woman had faith; and the Students could not prevail on her to take what they offered, but what they had not to give. When Mr. Hale became Lord Chief Justice, a woman was brought before him for trial, charged with being guilty of witchcraft, &c. His Lordship was very unwilling to try, and much more to condemn, a poor innocent woman (for he was too good a philosopher to believe in such *zonstence*); he therefore asked in what instance the prisoner seemed particularly criminal? Her accusers said, among other things, that she had a charm whereby she cured Agues, which never returned. — The Judge called upon the old woman to answer to the charge, and she honestly owned the charge was true, but absolutely denied that she possessed any supernatural power, but did it merely by means of a bit of parchment, or paper, on which was wrote something which she did not understand, and which paper had cured her mother of an obstinate Ague, and was given to her by her mother as a rare and valuable legacy, which she had received from a young gentleman of Oxford. The Chief Justice required the woman to produce the Charm, and was confirmed in his suspicion; for he found it to be the very Charm with which he had subdued his own and his companions hungry appetites! — It is almost needless to add, that the Witch escaped the *Trying-pee*, and the Judge found a pleasing opportunity to discharge the prisoner, and to compensate for his youthful frolic.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

IN the year 1712, my old friend Matthew Prior, who was then Fellow of

K

St.

St. John's, and who not long before had been employed by the Queen as her Plenipotentiary at the Court of France, came to Cambridge; and the next morning paid a visit to the Master of his own College.— The Master (whether Dr. Gower, or Dr. Jenkins, I cannot now recollect) loved Mr. Prior's principles, had a great opinion of his abilities, and a respect for his character in the world; but then he had much greater respect for himself. He knew his own dignity too well to suffer a Fellow of his College to sit down in his presence.— He kept his seat himself, and let the Queen's Ambassador stand. Such was the temper, not of a Vice-chancellor, but of a simple Master of a College. I remember, by the way, an extempore epigram of Matt's, on the reception he had there met with. We did not reckon in those days, that he had a very happy turn for an Epigram, but the occasion was tempting; and he struck it off, as he was walking from St. John's College to the Rose, where we dined together. It was addressed to the Master,

I stood, Sir, patient at your feet,
Before your elbow chair;
But make a Bishop's throne your seat,
I'll kneel before you there.
One only thing can keep you down,
For your great soul too mean;
You'd not, to mount a Bishop's throne,
Pay homage to the Queen.

JOHN, Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

THIS great man, who, by the pen of an enemy, has been acknowledged as the greatest general, and as the greatest minister that our country, or perhaps any other, has produced, appears to have been very ill read in the history of his native country, which is the more remarkable, as his father Sir Winston Churchill was the author of a History of England, intitled, "Divi Britannici; being a remark upon the lives of all the kings of this isle, from the year of the world 2855, unto the year of grace 1660, fo. 1675." Of the Duke the following anecdote is told by Dr. Warner, in his "Remarks on the History of Bengal, p. 26, on the authority of Judge Burnet:"—

"The Duke of Marlborough talking over some point of English history once with bishop Burnet, and advancing some ana-

chronisms and strange matters of fact, his Lordship, in a great astonishment at this new history, enquired of his Grace where he had met with it. The Duke, equally surprized on his side, to be asked that question by so knowing a man in history as the Bishop, replied, Why don't you remember? It is in the only English history of those times that I ever read,—in Shakespeare's plays."

WALTHAM-ABBEY, ESSEX.

I.

FORMERLY this Abbey was tenanted by a number of jolly Friars, who made frequent excursions by moon-light to visit a nunnery at Cheshunt, which is distant about two miles from Waltham. Henry the VIIIth, who heard of this, and envied the luxurious enjoyments of these holy inamoratos, was once ill-natured enough to spoil their sport; for being hunting on the Forest, he contrived, with his courtiers, to place toils in the way, from Waltham to Cheshunt; by which means he caught five brace of Bald-heads in one night.

11.

Between thirty and forty years ago, the manor house of Waltham-Abbey was inhabited by the famous Bumper 'Squire Jones. In digging to enlarge his cellar, the body of King Harold was found, as evidently appeared from **HAROLDUS REX** inscribed on the lid of the coffin. Jones thought he could not do greater honour to the corpse, than by placing it at the head of the cellar where it had been interr'd; and whenever any of his friends were led by curiosity to visit it, he made them offer libations to the memory of the deceased, till they could not see it.



*Lord LANDSDOWN's Letter of Advice
to his NEPHEW, on his going into HOLY
ORDERS.*

Dear Nephew,

Approve very well of your resolution of dedicating yourself to the service of God. You could not chuse a better master, provided you have so sufficiently searched your heart, and examined your reins, as to be persuaded you can serve him well. In so doing, you may secure to yourself many blessings.

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blessings in this world, as well as sure hope in the next.

There is one thing which I perceive you have not yet thoroughly purged yourself from; which is Flattery. You have bestowed so much of that upon me in your last letter, that I hope you have no more left, and that you meant it only to take your leave of such flights; which, however well meant, oftener put a man out of countenance than oblige him.

You are now to become a searcher after truth; and I shall hereafter take it more kindly to be justly reproved by you, than to be undeservedly complimented.

I would not have you misinterpret me, as if I recommended to you a sour Presbyterian severity; that is yet more to be avoided. Advice, like physic, must be so sweetened and prepared, as to be made palatable; or nature may be apt to revolt against it.

Be always sincere, but at the same time always polite. Be humble, without descending from your character, and reprove and correct without offending good manners. To be a cynic, is as bad as to be a cynophant. You are not to lay aside the gentleman with the sword, nor put on the gown to hide your birth and good-breeding, but to adorn it.

Such has been the malice of the wicked, that pride, avarice, and ambition have been charged upon the Clergy in all ages, in all countries, and equally in all religions.—What they are most obliged to combat against in their pulpits, they are most accused of encouraging in their conduct. Let your example confirm your doctrine, and let no man ever have it in his power to reproach you with practising contrary to what you preach.

You had an uncle, the late Dean of Durham, whose memory I shall ever revere. Make him your example. Sanctity fat so easy, so unaffected, and so graceful upon him, that in him we beheld the very Beauty of Holiness. He was as cheerful, as familiar, and condescending in his conversation, as he was strict, regular, and exemplary in his piety. As well bred and accomplished as a courtier, and as reverend and venerable as an apostle. He was indeed in every thing apostolical; for he abandoned all to follow his Lord and Master. May you resemble him—may he

revive in you! May his spirit descend upon you, as Elijah's upon Elisha; and may the great God of Heaven, in guiding, directing, and strengthening your pious resolutions, pour down his best and choicest blessings upon you.

The USES of SPIRIT OF WINE, exclusive of the TEA-KETTLE.

From Dr. THEOPHILUS LOEB.

1. FOR cramps and convulsions, contractions of the fingers, toes, or muscles; rub the part with it.
2. In paralytic coldness or numbness; rub the parts morning and evening, first warming the spirit in hot water.
3. In external pains in the fingers, wrists, knees, feet, or on the surface of the body; rub the part with it.
4. Corns, and the callous substance of the heels, are cured by being rubbed with it morning and evening.
5. Swellings of the legs, feet, &c. which pit, are relieved by being daily rubbed with it.
6. Old scabs adhering, are cured by wetting them and the parts adjacent two or three times a day.
7. In ulcers, the application of Spirit of Wine contributes much to a cure.
8. Small ulcers on the tongue, called *Aphæ*; and on the inside of the cheeks, on the lips, and gum-boils, are often cured by wetting them two or three times a day.—For ulcers on the legs, wet only the sound parts around, to prevent fettering. When the ulcer is on a joint, this method will prevent a caries of the cartilage, and consequently the amputation of the limb.
9. If it be used three or four times a day alternately, with warm vinegar, it will prevent and stop gangrenes and mortifications.
10. Excoriations of the skin from riding, or from acrid humour, are healed by wetting the places with it two or three times a day.
11. In a flux of humour on the eyes, by catching cold; wet your finger, and rub gently the eye-brows, temples, sides of the nose, and across the cheek-bone, from the nose to the temples; and when there is only a thin dew of the spirit upon the finger, shut your eyes, and draw it over the edges of the eye-lids.

12. In painful piles; double a rag the compass of a shilling; wet it, and apply to the anus for a few minutes; repeat it as the pain shall require. Thus also, if they bleed too much. In the falling down of the *rectum intestinum*, make the same application; but it must be made only when the gut is up in the body.

For a BRUISE, or STRAIN, particularly of a Chord or Sinew.

Take half a pint of spirit of wine, an ounce of spirit of lavender, three penny-worth of camphire, and two or three spoonfuls of spirit of turpentine; mix, and apply it often, and in the intervals keep the part warm with flannel.



USEFUL RECEIPTS.

A CURE for the GOUT.

A Gentleman, who has been long afflic'ted with the Gout in his head and stomach, hearing of Sutton's method of treating the Small-pox, was determined to try a similar remedy; therefore, when he had the complaint in his stomach, hedrank ice-water, and that drove it immediately to his feet; and when he had it in his head, he thereto applied cold wet cloths, which instantly removed it: he thereupon threw off his wrappers of flannel, and got on horseback, or into a coach, and walked greatly, as soon as he was able.

For the CURE of WARTS.

IF the lady gets some strong soap lyes, that has not been used, and apply it often to the Warts, it will certainly cure them, as it has been tried.

To get CREESES and WRINKLES from PARCHMENT.

SMEAR lightly over the creases and wrinkles some paste, such as is used by bookbinders; then press the places that are crumpled and creased, with a smooth folding-stick, on the *blank or back side* of the parchment, placing first several sheets of soft and smooth paper underneath.—Then, with a linen cloth, a little moistened with water, wipe the paste off, and place two or three sheets of the like paper on the side that was pasted, and pass a hot flat iron used for ironing linen, over the whole, pressing it slowly and forcibly. When this is done, press the whole in a bookbinder's hand-press, or a napkin-press.

NEW THEATRICAL PIECES. DRURY-LANE.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

AN account of this musical entertainment has been given in our Miscellany for the month of January;—it now remains only to add the humorous Prologue, which was spoken by Mr. Palmer, in the character of Father Christmas, decorated with evergreens, &c.

PROLOGUE.

[Music plays, and several persons carry a repast of many dishes across the stage.—Mr. Palmer enters and speaks to them.]

GO on—prepare my bounty for my friends, And see that Mirth with all her crew attends.

To the AUDIENCE.

Behold a personage well known to fame: Once lov'd and honour'd—Christmas is my name!

My officers of state my taste display; Cooks, scullions, pastry-cooks prepare my way! Holly, and ivy round me honours spread, And my retinue thew I'm not ill-fed; Min'd d' pies, by way of belt, my breast divide, And a large carving-knife adorns my side: 'Tis no top's weapon—twill be often drawn; This turban for my head is cellar'd brown! Tho' old, and white my locks, my cheeks are cherry, [merry: Warm'd by good fires, good cheer, I'm always With carol, fiddle, dance, and pleasant tale, Jeft, gibe, prank, gambol, mummery and ale, I English hearts rejoic'd in days of yore;— For new, strange modes, imported by the score,

You will not turn Christmas out of door? Suppose yourselves well feasted by a fire, (Stuck close, you seem more warm than you desire)

Old Father Christmas now in all his glory, Begs with kind hearts you'll listen to his story; Clear well your minds from politics and spleen, Hear my Tale out—see all that's to be seen! Take care, my children, that you well behave, You, Sir, in blue, red cape, not quite so grave; That critic there in black, so stern and thin, Before you drown, pray let the Tale begin. You in the crimson capuchin, I fear you, Why, Madam, at this time so crois appear you?— [near you.]

Excuse me, pray—I did not see your husband. Don't think, fair ladies, I expect that you Should hear my tale, you've something else to do. Nor will our beaux old English fare encourage, No foreign taste could e'er digest plumb-porridge.

I have no fauce to quicken lifeless sinners, My food is meant for honest, hearty grinners. For you—your spirits with good stomachs bring, [ring: O make the neighbouring roof with rapture Open your mouths, pray swallow ev'rything. Critics, beware how you our pranks despise, Hear well my tale, or you sha'n't touch my pies; The prou'f change, be merry, but not wise.

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COVENT-GARDEN.

HENRY THE SECOND;
Or, The Fall of Rosamond.

THIS Tragedy, written by the ingenious Mr. Hull, of Covent-Garden theatre, was first performed for his benefit in May, 1773, and then received the general approbation of a numerous and respectable audience. It was brought out a second time in January, 1774, after having undergone a critical revision by the author, who has expunged a few exceptionable passages, and inserted some of a very pleasing and poetical nature; and we are pleased to find, that its merit has procured it that respectable rank in the British drama, which the decision of the public has now given it.

The subject of the piece is certainly one of the most remarkable and pathetic events in the records of this country: It is taken from that blemish in the annals of Henry II. where he perfidiously seduces Rosamond the fair daughter of Clifford.

The principal scenes are in Woodstock Bower, the intricate retreat of Rosamond, where a variety of contending passions agitate the bosom of this deluded female, and work, at last, her pious resolve of flying from his power, and devoting the rest of her life to a sincere repentance.

The father's interview with her immediately on this, is very affecting, and the language moral and poetical. His tenderness for the situation of his child cannot be more forcibly expressed than in this short passage: Preach stoics what they will, we all are frail: 'Tis not the parent's duty to cast off, But to reclaim with speed his wand'ring child.

The succeeding scene, between Queen Eleanor and Rosamond is a good one, and affords a situation for tragic excellence. As this is the principal part of the tragedy, and gives a just idea of the merit of the whole, we here present it to our readers.

It may be necessary to mention, that an Abbot having falsely insinuated to Eleanor, that Rosamond aspired to sharing the throne with Henry, the Queen determines on her destruction; and accordingly goes to Woodstock Bower, on the very night that Rosamond intended to escape to a place set apart for divine purposes, and there by a life of penitence and contrition, endeavour to atone for her connection with Henry.

Just before the intended departure of Rosamond from the Bower, Queen Eleanor enters with a bowl and dagger.

QUEEN. Ay, there the trait'rs fits. Who could surmize

Guilt kept abode in such an angel form? Approach, thou beauteous fiend! Well may'st thou start, 'Tis Eleanor that calls; she comes to wake thee [enjoy'd, From the vain dream which thou haft long To justice and atonement.

ROSAM. Shield me, Pow'rs, From that wrong'd form! My fears are all expla'nd.

QUE. No Pow'r can shield thee now;—thy pray'r's are fruitless; Now cry in vain to him who hath undone thee, Who robb'd thee of thy innocence of heart, And taught thee to be rival to a Queen.

ROS. Most injur'd Majesty, thus to the earth I bave myself before thee; I confess My heinous crimes;—I sink beneath their weight:

Yet, oh! take pity on a hapless creature Misled by fatal love, immers'd in guilt, And blinded to the evils that ensu'd.

QUE. And plead'st thou that in thy defence, fond wretch, Which loudest cries against thee?—Knew'st thou not

Who Henry was,—what were his noble ties? How did thy passion dare aspire so high? Thou shouldest have fought within thine own degree [not

Mates for thy wanton hours; then hadst thou Debas'd a monarch in his people's eyes, Nor wak'd the vengeance of an injur'd Queen.

ROS. Alas! thou look'st on me, as on a wretch

Familiar with pollution, reconcil'd To harden'd guilt, and all its shameless arts; I am not such. Night's holy lamps can witness What painful sighs my sad afflicted heart Hath heav'd,—what streaming tears my eyes have pour'd, To be releas'd from the pernicious snare Wherein I was involv'd!

QUE. Those sighs and tears, Had true contrit on been their holy source, Might have inspir'd thy heart to break the snare, And set it self at freedom.

ROS. O! 'tis true They shoul'd, but in my rebel breast they found Too strong resistance; love has been my fault, My bane, my ruin; long he held entranc'd My fascinated sens— O let this very weaknes plead my cause Within your royal breast; revolve, great Queen, How you have lov'd, and let those tender feelings Win you to pity me!

QUE. Hence, encroaching weaknes! (aside) Think on thy mighty wrongs; arm thee to meet My words with noble firmness! Death alone Appeals Eleanor's infulc'd love.

ROS. Death, said'st thou? Death! O yet—

QUE. Behold, deluder,

I will

I WILL NOT STAIN ME IN MY BLOOD; THIS CUP
CONTAINS THY DEATH.

Ros. Oh! do not bid me die,
Steep'd as I am in guilt; clos'd in a convent,
Where Heav'n's clear air and animating light
Ne'er found an entrance, let me be condemn'd
To all the hardships ever yet devis'd;
Or banish me to roam far distant realms,
Unfriendly climates, and unsocial waftes,
So thou afford me some remaining hours
To reconcile my foul to that great summons,
When Heav'n shall deign to call.

Qu. Prophane no more
The name of Heav'n with thy polluted breath,
Thou who hast spurn'd its laws! Justice de-
mands

Thy forfeit life. Thou shalt no more mislead
A Monarch's noble mind, no more devise
Infiduous arts, to work a Queen's disgrace:
Thou shalt not live to rob her of her rights,
Her lord's affection, and imperial pride,
That thou mayst seize the abdicated seat,
And triumph in her fall.

Ros. By Heav'n's pure grace,
My mind ne'er harbour'd such an impious
thought. already.

Qu. Heav'n not fresh crimes, thou hast enough

Ros. Have I no evidence on this side heav'n?

Where is the holy Abbot? where my Henry?

Qu. Thy Henry! thine!—that word hath
fird anew

My failing spirit:—Drink!

Ros. Yet, yet relent—

Qu. Drink, or this poindart searches ev'ry
vein. [silence]

Ros. Is there no pity? None? This awful
Hath answ'rd me, and I intreat no more.
A greater pow'r than thine demands my life;
Fate summons me; I hear, and I obey—
O Heav'n! if crimes like mine may I ope for-
givenes,

Accept a contrite heart. (drinks.)

Qu. (aside) O beauteous witch!
Hadst thou been less alluring, or had I
Forgot to love, thou hadst not met this fate.

Ros. Thou art obey'd—Once more I bend

before thee—
Nay, harden not thy heart to the last accents
Of a poor wretch that hurries to her grave;
Look, look upon me; I behold thee not
With unforgiving and resentful eyes;
I deem thee but the destin'd instrument

Of righteous Heav'n to punish my misdeeds.

Qu. A flood of agony o'erwhelms my soul,
And all my pride and rage is wash'd away.

Ros. Now cast an eye of pity on my tears;
Now, in their awful, these tremendous mo-
ments, [hopes]

Then canst not doubt my truth. By my warm
Of mercy at that throne where all must bow,
My only crime was love;—do now' r on earth
Could have compell'd me to a further wrong
Against thy state or peace.

Qu. I must believe thee—
What then remains for me? O rise and wreak
Thy vengeance on my now relenting rage.
Behold these tears—my wrongs are all-forgot—
Excess of passion, love, that knew no bounds,
Drove me, with execrable haft, to act
What now I would resign all earthly bliss,
To have undone again.

Immediately after the death of Ros-
mond, the King and Clifford enter, and the
latter, after lamenting the fate of his daugh-
ter, dies beside her.

The Queen, shocked at the deed she had
wrought, determines to retire to a convent,
while Henry breathes forth the anguish of
his soul, and resolves on a life of penitence,
concluding the piece with some just and
moral sentiments on the crime of seduction.

PROLOGUE;

Written and spoken by the Author of the Play.

LONG time oppres'd with painful doubts
and fears,
At length the dread, decisive hour appears;
The awful trial comes! and here I stand
To abide the verdict of my native land.
Will not the judge himself for favour plead,
When the poor trembling culprit owns the
deed?

When in false arts he scorns to seek support,
But throws him on the mercy of the court?

Such is my state, whom wild ambition draws
To stand the judgment of dramatic laws;
Bold the attempt, (and much, I fear, in vain)
That I, the humblest in the Mutes' train,
Should dare produce, in this nice-judging age,
My own weak efforts on the dang'rous stage!

Had I the lightest touch of plaintive Rowe,
Whose numbers long have bade your sorrows

flow,
Your plaudit, undismay'd, I might implore,
And Rosamond might plead like hapless Shore.

But as it is, your Kindness be my friend;
For that alone I sue; to that I bend,
If by an artless tale, in artless strain,
A mild and patient hearing I obtain,
And, my poor labours o'er, behold ye part
With unpain'd ear and undisgusted heart,
'Twere triumph and delight! but if the lays
Deserve your censure, which aspir'd to praise,
Ev'n to your kindnes will I not presume,
Nor strive to deprecate my proper doom;
This sole indulgence let my fault procure—
Mildly inflict, lenitive I endure.

EPilogue;

Written by Mr. Colman; and spoken by Miss Barfanti, in the character of Princess Oberaea.

GREAT and fair Ladies! Lords gallant and
mighty!

Behold a female—fresh from Otaheite,
Stretch to the southern ocean your idea,
And view in me the Princess Oberaea.

Full three long hours I've sat, with simo-
ther'd rage,

To hear the nonsense of your tragic stage;
To see a Queen majestically swagger,
A bowl in this hand, and in that a dagger;
To stab or poison (cruel consolation)
A maid who gave a husband consolation.

Ah, Ladies! no such Queen at Otaheite;
Love there has roses, without thorns to fight
Frolic our days, and to compleat our joy, [yes;
A coterie's form'd, 'tis call'd the Arreoy;

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Where love is free and gen'ral as the air,
And ev'ry beau gallants with ev'ry fair.
No ceremonies bind; no rule controls
But love, the only tyrant of our souls!

But pleasure's foreign to these northern
climes,

And love, I hear, unknown in these dull times;
Never was maiden in these days caught tripping,
Never was wife on pleasure's ice found slipping;
True to their lords, to gallantry ne'er prone,
Divorces are so rare, the name's scarce known.

Yet, in our northern air—at least I'm told—
Nor French nor Englishmen were quite so cold;
And, if your poet of to-night says true,
Love formerly warm'd British ladies too;
And ladies of old times perhaps might plead,
That modern ladies are the self-same breed.

There is a place, I'm told, call'd Doctors
Commons, [summons;
Where husbands issue to their wives dread
For each pretends, an all-sufficient elf,
To keep a lady to his precious elf;
Yet man, proud men, from Oberon know,
That female follies on your follies grow;
And all your hopes of constancy are vain,
If marriage binds not in a mutual chain.
If in cold sheets ye leave poor Nell to sleep,
And some fair Rose in Covent-Garden keep;
Think of the ills that wait domestic frie,
The heaviest care of all the cares of life—
A tempting mistress, and an angry wife!

For you, ye Fair, whom conscious virtue
arms, [charms,
And with her graces heightens beauty's
Hear a frail sister on your pity call,
And save fair Rosamond a second FALL.

SCHOOL OF SHAKESPEARE.

THE article under this title is not a production calculated for the stage, but is a new attempt to elucidate the works of our greatest dramatic writer, by serious and rational lectures on the principal passages in his plays. One might reasonably suppose, indeed, from the numerous editions of Shakespeare's works, and the abundance of remarks made upon them, by different commentators, that he who had drudged through every publication would deny the possibility of human invention to offer any thing new on the subject, or to give a better explanation of the writings of this excellent dramatist.

Arduous, however, as this may seem, the ingenious and judicious Dr. Kenrick has undertaken the important task, and in a series of weekly lectures proposes to give a comment on most, if not all, the plays of Shakespeare, under the different heads of *recital* and *elucidation*. The *School of Shakespeare*, as the lecturer observes, is indeed a quaint title; but the numerous and learned audiences who have hitherto honoured him with their presence, think that

much instruction may be gathered from the lessons of so able a schoolmaster.

The Doctor's first lecture was given at the Devil tavern, in Fleet-street, on Wednesday, Jan. 19, when he chose the first part of the Tragedy of Henry IV.

He opened his plan, by a preface to the audience, wherein he observed, in so beaten a track as commenting on Shakespeare, how difficult it was for a person to offer any thing new, and particularly as that task had been executed by some of the first-rate characters in the world of letters. He then went into an abridged review of the several commentators, from Theobald, Pope, and Warburton, down to Johnson, and observed, that as the wit and ingenuity of these gentlemen principally consisted in *verbal criticisms*, he would leave such acquisitions to mere *syllable catchers*, and consider this celebrated bard in the pleasing light of a Poet and moral Philosopher; that even in this view, to do justice to his writings, great attention was necessary, as some, through a blind veneration to his merit, and a blind acquiescence to the names of his commentators, had praised him too highly, as well as too generally; whilst others, whose frigidity of mind could be pleased with nothing that was not critically *correct*, were as sparing in their commendations as the former had been prodigal; both these extremes, he justly remarked, should be avoided, which he had endeavoured to do in the course of his design, by entering only into such parts as awakened the feelings, addressed the passions, or heightened the powers of ridicule. The most perfect way of doing this, he observed, was joining a close investigation into the merits of this author to the powers of recital, a good actor of Shakespeare's characters being his ablest commentator, which he instance in several parts (particularly that of Iago on the value of reputation) where the player had it in his power to give a variety of force to passages often originally unconceived by the poet, and such as had been many times done by Mr. Garrick, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Pritchard.

After this, he proceeded to the recital of some of the most animated passages in the first act, particularly that scene between the King and Hotspur, where the haughty, violent temper of the latter is finely marked (though in the presence of his Prince) in refusing to give up his Scotch prisoners.

The passage he selected in the second act was Falstaff's celebrated account of the robbery to the Prince of Wales, Poins, and Bardolph; the selection of the third act was that of Falstaff taking an opportunity to recommend himself, by the recital of a supposed conversation about himself between the Prince and his father; together with the well-known one at the Eaftcheap tavern.

The passages from the fourth act were a fine scene between Mortimer and Hotspur, when the force of ridicule and vanity are strongly heightened in the two characters; together with that scene of Falstaff's giving an account of his recruiting service, and a *real* and truly affecting one between the Prince and his father.

Here the Doctor concluded his remarks, and dismissed his audience with an apology about his recital, telling them it would be uncandid to judge of his merit as an actor, by the critical scale on which people of that profession are usually tried.

On Wednesday, Jan. 26, the Doctor gave his second lecture, and proceeded to the fifth act of Henry the Fourth, from which he took the principal scenes, particularly that of the contrasted characters of Hotspur and the Prince, and Falstaff's humorous comment upon honour, and his account to the Prince of his combat with Hotspur.

The second part of the same play he treated more generally; the parts he principally selected, were, Falstaff's account of Justice Shallow, his evasions to the Lord Chief Justice, and that fine apostrophe to sleep, as spoken by the sick King in the third act. In the course of these recitals, he occasionally added the observations (or rather the *slips*) of the commentators, particularly those of Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Stevens, some of which were truly ridiculous.

On Wednesday, Feb. 2, the Doctor resumed his task, and chose the tragedy of Hamlet for that evening's entertainment.— Previous to the lecture, he again replied to others of the Critics, who still continued to attack him in the public papers, and then began his evening's exhibition.

The Doctor took up a general view of the Play, which he premised was one of the most moral and sententious of any of the Poet's productions. After this (in opposition to general opinion) he urged that the character of Hamlet was much more moral

and consistent than his commentators usually allow him; that his madness was *real*, at least *essentially* so; and gave it, as a plausible reason, that it was produced by Ophelia's inconstancy, and the defeat of his ambition by his mother's second marriage with his uncle; as well as the unnaturalness of that union.

Though the arguments the Doctor urged for these opinions were some of the most scholar-like and entertaining, we must differ from him on many accounts. In the first place, Hamlet himself tells us, after seeing the Ghof, that he means to *assume a feigned* madness, and enjoins Horatius and Marcellus, in consequence, to secrecy; now when a man could in *cold blood* lay so settled a plan of conduct, it can scarcely come under the denomination of real madness.— The charge against Ophelia's inconstancy we must also dissent from, as she acted with *reserve* to Hamlet, only with a view to *please* her father Polonius, who desires her to return the Prince all his presents; yet when she comes to do this, the very manner of the act, with her comment on it, shews the deed to bear no correspondence with her heart, as will appear from the following passage:

Ophelia.—My Lord, I have remembrances of yours,

That I have long'd long to re-deliver; I pray you now receive them.

Hamlet.—No, I never gave you aught.

Oph.—My honoured Lord, you know right well you did;

And with them words of so sweet breath composed,

As made the things more rich.

The Ghof was another character in this play, which the Doctor thought *differently* of from most commentators, by speaking *indifferently* of it, and in which he departed from the opinion of Mr. Addison, and some of the ablest of the English and French critics.

Such are the outlines of this lecture on Hamlet, which we think much inferior to the Doctor's other two lectures, both in point of judgment and recitation.

¶ A New Comedy, called The MAN OF BUSINESS, written by Mr. COLMAN, has been performed at Covent-garden Theatre; but the account of it is unavoidably deferred for want of room.

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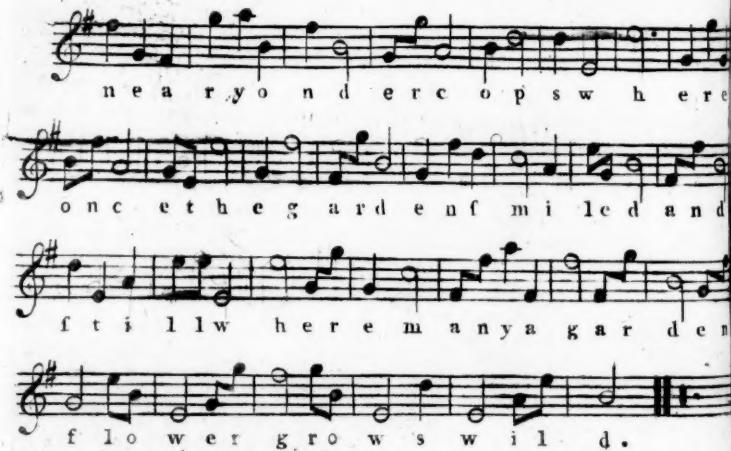
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The Harmonic Alphabet.



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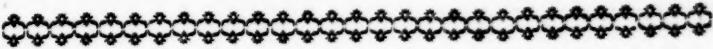
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Lento

A musical score for 'The Star-Spangled Banner' featuring two staves of sheet music with lyrics. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics are: "u ll th a t o f
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e x p r e f e d
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The LITERARY REVIEW.

ARTICLE XIX.

[Illustrated by two Plates from the Work.]

AS the Reviewers have cautiously withheld from their readers a great part, even of the title, of a late publication, in which the author modestly informs his readers, that there are some ingenious contrivances of other men, to render it a work of some merit, tho' it may have none of his own; we hope, therefore, he will excuse our giving an extract theretrom, which is his own, and which, if it has not so much ingenuity as some others in the book, has certainly some novelty to recommend it to the notice of the public.

This book is "A Treatise on the Art of Decyphering, and of Writing in Cypher; " with a Harmonic Alphabet;" by the Use of which, the words of a song may be conveyed by the notes, or any correspondence carried on, by musical composition only.

The Author's name does not appear in the title-page; but by a short, modest, and decent dedication of the work to Lord Viscount Bateman, it appears to be wrote by Philip Thicknesse, Esq; a gentleman who has long, unfortunately, lain under the heavy displeasure of the Reviewing Gentlemen, and their worthy master, Mr. Hamilton, of Falcon-court, Fleet-street!

We shall therefore give an extract from the work, and subjoin thereto the Harmonic Alphabet; and leave our readers to form their judgment of the whole, from the little specimen which follows.

In the 5th chapter of this work, Mr. Thicknesse says, that by writing "in the harmonic alphabet, it must be observed, that every note implies a letter also, and consequently, under such a restraint, it can only have the appearance, and be the picture of music, without the harmony; yet, it is such a picture, as must pass unsuspected, by all who do not understand music perfectly, and by many who do; at least, those who do, would most likely consider it some uncouth attempt to compose music, without suspecting that it concealed (as the specimen in the first plate does) two harmonious lines from Dr. Goldsmith's DESERTED VILLAGE, and therefore this method is, in one respect, preferable to every other practice of secret writing, i. e. it is least liable to suspicion. An itinerant fiddler, says Mr. Thicknesse, with his dog's-ear'd music book in his pocket, may enter into, or go from, a besieged town unsuspected, for a tune might be pricked down in his book, among many others, and the musician might be directed to give a copy of

MISCELL. VOL. I.

that tune to any particular person where he was going, without suspecting the mischief, or good office, he is employed to execute, and consequently unable to betray the secret. But if suspicion should arise, how will the decyphering know, which, among a great number of musical airs, conceal the secret information? In such a case, the Decyphering should be a good musician also, that he may pick out the most uncouth and constrained composition, as the most likely vehicle to convey the harmonic epistle. Therefore, to obviate this, and to render the matter less liable to suspicion, and much more difficult to be decyphered, in the second plate, an air, composed of treble and bass, according to the true rules of musical composition, is given,

In this example, however, there are, and must necessarily be, a great number of null notes, to fill up and compleat the harmony.

The confederate, who is in possession of the key alphabet, will know the null notes by their tails being all turned upwards; those therefore, he passes over, and taking down in order, those only, from the treble and bass cliff, which are turned downwards, the secret information is disclosed. This method must very much perplex even an able decyphering, first, to find out, whether ALL the notes are active; secondly, whether both, or one cliff only, were employed; and lastly, which were the null notes: yet, it must be confessed, that this method, like all others, is not without some inconveniences, and such too, as would create surprize, if not suspicion, in an examiner of good parts and knowledge in music, for, being confined to turn the tails of all the rule notes *one way*, and the active notes *the other*, it must often happen, that an unusual method of tying the notes together, will give the music line a peculiar air, and appear to be wrote by an unskillful hand; but it must be still a skillful head, that would suspect it was a vehicle of any other entertainment than *SOUND*. If, therefore, I were under a necessity of sending a letter of privacy and importance, which was to pass through the hands, or under the inspection of cautious enemies, I should think a good piece of harmonic composition, without any visible words annexed to it, the safest and most secret vehicle to convey it under. In a letter, where it is necessary to be particular as to the day, month, or even the hour, it may be done thus: Let the first twelve music lines be considered to stand for the 12 months in the year, and the first 20 lines for the days in the month; if therefore I would

date my letter the 8th day of April, a small *dot* on the 4th line, preceding the first note, (as in the second plate) implies the fourth month from January, and a little *t* across the 8th line in the same manner, shews it to be dated, according to the *Quakers' by-way*, the eighth day of the 4th month.

It is very certain, therefore, that if such a sentence as is here given in the second plate, can be conveyed by a few lines of music, a long letter may easily be framed within the compass of an Italian air in score; nay, that *any* Italian piece of music of a tolerable length, may, by writing it with the tails properly turned up or down, according to the specimen here given, be made the vehicle of a letter, or a piece of important information; and still more easily might a good composer convey the words, and the harmony also, by the same characters. Conscious, however, of my own inability to execute a matter of so much ingenuity with any degree of success, I applied to Dr. A--e, and made him acquainted with my faint idea of the bufineſs, and asked his assistance. But tho' the Doctor is undoubtedly an excellent composer of music, I more than suspect, by his total silence! that he has not the most distant idea, of what I thought I had laid before him in very plain notes. I am sure it was in very civil terms.

The Doctor's silence, however, brings to my mind a question a fellow traveller of mine, many years ago, put to a shepherd we met on Salisbury Plain. How often (said my fellow traveller to the shepherd) honest friend, do you *visify* a year? The shepherd looked earnestly at him,—sighed—scratched his head—and then, *stroaking his long chin*, without asking the meaning of the word, replied, *We do call it sheep sheering*: for he was the best sheep-shearer (as we afterwards heard) of all the pastoral swains upon that plain. If it be asked, why I applied to the father and not to the son, I answer, because he might have expected me, in return, to employ him to *teach* my daughter music, and I do not like his manner. Though this bufineſs did not *visify* the ingenuous Doctor, I am convinced that a good composer of music, either by framing the harmony by the alphabet, or the alphabet by the harmony, may not only render every note active, but by harmonic alphabets, might write two letters on different subjects, one in the treble cliff, and the other in the bass; it is evident, therefore, by the specimen I have given, that the words of a song may be conveyed by the harmony; for *any* judicious finger, by dividing properly the words, and repeating them, as is usual in singing songs, may sing those in due time, with the air which conveys them; and tho' I confess I fee much harm might arise from it, yet it may be right to observe, by the bye, that an harmonic letter, thus written, could not easily be brought *home* with any degree of certainty, (especially where null notes are employed) so as to convict the writer in

a court of justice; yet I cannot think myself guilty of an injury to society, in pointing this method out, as it may be productive of much good, as well as of mischief; for secret writing is absolutely necessary on many important occasions of state. I will here give one striking instance of its utility. I will suppose, and I ought to suppose it, that the Queen of Denmark is a virtuous Princess; that a faction has been formed in Denmark, to dethrone her husband, and perhaps to deprive her of life, as well as of liberty; that no letter can possibly be conveyed to her, which has not been previously seen, and the contents carefully examined. I will suppose the King her husband, or the King her brother, desirous to assure her of their utmost protection, yet quite unable to convey such comfortable information to her. Now suppose the Queen to have been in possession of a harmonic alphabet, how easily, and with what propriety, could the King her brother, write her an affectionate letter, in common terms, and send her *a little music* to divert her thoughts, and employ her melancholy hours? I dare say, in such a case, neither the *Colonel of the Guard*, nor the Governor of the Castle of *Cronenburgh*, would have suspected that a few sheets, or a book of music, without any visible words, conveyed that unfortunate Princess such information as her Royal Brother wishes perhaps, at this minute, to send to her. For this *secret music*, might call upon her, to support her spirits, and assure her, that a fleet should soon appear, and deliver her from her confinement. But suppose, that the music was even suspected to contain private information, and therefore not delivered, I believe I may venture to say, a fleet might sail from England to the Baltic Sea, before a *Danish Decipher* had picked the intelligence out of an old song, *without words*; and then the molt that could be made of it, would be, that some private information might be concealed in the music. But an intercepted letter written in evident Cypher, even while it remains undeciphered, carries certainty with it, and puts every body concerned, as I said above, upon their guard. It therefore might be right for foreign Embassadors, or Princesses, who are separated from their families, by foreign alliances, to be in possession of some kind of musical alphabet, by which they may write, or receive letters, which are not suspected to be so. The present mode, I believe, is, to do all this business, by what is obviously writing in Cypher; and that too, by some method which has long been in use, the key to which, I have *more* than reason to believe, most of the Princesses in Europe are in possession of. I will hardly believe that the King of P---a, for instance, is a stranger to every mode of Cryptographical writing by the several Princesses and States in Europe. How often do we hear of a courier being murdered, and his dispatches carried off? And for what other purpose, but

infor-

information? And without the key, to decipher letters so written, to what purpose should they be intercepted by such a deed? I have considered every method of secret writing, which I have heard of, either of ancient or modern practice, and I submit it to the reader's consideration, whether writing by an harmonic alphabet is not, of all others, the most void of suspicion; perhaps I should say, *was not*; because having published it, the secret is divulged; but as *Bishop Wilkins's* swift messenger, and *Falconer's* art of secret information, are both very ingenious books on this subject, and have both been published many years, and yet are but little known, except by the very few, who have studied the art of writing in Cypher, I cannot suppose this performance of mine, in every respect so inferior, will be much known, and therefore it may prove useful to a few individuals of my own country, and never do mischief by finding its way into any other.

¶ The book from whence the above short extract is taken, and which contains a great many curious methods of secret writing, is published by Brown, the corner of Effex- street in the Strand; and Bull at Bath.--- Price 5s.

* * * The upper part of the first plate is a scale to convey information by a long piece of thread filled with knots only: And the characters in the middle are a few lines written with an arbitrary alphabet; both which are explained in the work, to which we refer our readers.

XX. *State Papers collected by Edward Earl of Clarendon. Vol. II. folio, large paper 1l. 15s. in sheets; small paper 1l. 5s. 6d. Oxford.*

THE Rev. Dr. Richard Scrope, of Magdalen College, Oxford, is the sole publisher of the volume before us. The difficulties attending the undertaking, and which have occasioned the progres of it to be slower than could otherwise have been desired, are stated by him in the preface; from which we learn, with pleasure, that the trustees of the late Lord Hyde have indulged the Editor with much fuller powers of selection than were formerly given to him, in conjunction with his colleague.

It was mentioned in the first volume, that this entire collection of manuscripts consisted of two parts, viz. of such papers as were given to the University by the noble descendants of the first Earl of Clarendon, and of such as were communicated by the late Rev. Powney, LL. D. in order to be published jointly with the former, of which they were originally a part. But since that time, there has been transmitted to the University a third and very material portion of the collection, which was in the possession of Joseph Radcliffe, Esq; one of the executors to Edward Earl of Clarendon, who was grandson to the first Earl, and died in the year 1722.

Some other material accessions have also been made to the collection; for much the greater part of which the public is indebted to the unweared zeal and industry of the very worthy and learned Dr. John Douglas, canon of Windsor.

The papers comprised in this volume, commence in the year 1637, and are brought down to King Charles the Second's safe arrival on the Continent after the battle of Worcester; so that they include a most important and interesting period of the English history, to which they may justly be regarded as a valuable acquisition.

In the first set of letters which we here meet with, we have a continuation of Secretary Windesbank's correspondence with his Majesty, and several eminent persons. These were probably the Secretary's most confidential dispatches, which escaped the vigilance of the parliament. They relate to various transactions at home and abroad, down to the 16th of Oct. 1649; and many of them are very curious.---*Monthly Review.*

XXI. *A complete Body of Planting and Gardening. By the Rev. Wm. Hanbury, A. M. Rector of Church-Langton in Leicestershire, Folio. 2 Vols. 4l. 4s.*

EVERY person who has heard of Mr. Hanbury's extraordinary plantations at Church-Langton, and of his close cultivation of them ever since the year 1753, will conclude that the extensive experience of near 20 years, built, too, on the experience of former writers, must be very sufficient to recommend a system of planting and gardening from this Gentleman's pen.---*Monthly Rev.*

XXII. *An Attempt to demonstrate the Membership of Jesus, from the prophetic History and Chronology of Messiah's Kingdom in Daniel. By Richard Parry, D. D. 2s. 6d.*

WE have had more than one opportunity of mentioning this Writer in terms of approbation. His endeavours to elucidate Scripture, and to remove the difficulties with which several particular passages are attended, are commendable, even where his attempts may not be deemed entirely successful.

Three of Daniel's principal predictions are examined by Dr. Parry, in the work before us. With regard to the first of them, Nebuchadnezzar's dream, it admits, accompanied with Daniel's interpretation of it, so easy an explanation, that there is scarce any prophecy in the Old Testament, the meaning of which is more perspicuous and determinate. This prophecy our Author justly entitles, 'The Kingdom of Heaven: or, the Fall of Paganism.'

What he hath said upon the subject, is undoubtedly worthy of attention.

Our Author, in his explication of the prophecy of the seventy weeks, endeavours to shew, that the commencement of these weeks must be fixed from the second year of Darius

Nothus

Nothus King of Persia. It is objected to this opinion, that the persons who are represented by the prophet Haggai, as having seen both temples, must have been of an age beyond belief: because from the destruction of the temple to the second of Darius Nothus, were an hundred and sixty-six years. Dr. Parry's reply to this objection, is too curious and extraordinary to be omitted. 'I answer, says he, in the words of a very illustrious writer on another occasion, "the promises of God have never borrowed help from moral probabilities." His promises to Abraham were not of this kind. And why then should they be of this kind to the children of Abraham? The Jews lived under an extraordinary dispensation of providence. Long life was the general promise of the Mosaic law to the obedient. And this promise was particularly repeated at the time we are speaking of. "There shall yet old men and old women dwell in the streets of Jerusalem, and every man with his staff in his hand for very age." Who now can think it improbable, when events correspond so exactly with every part of the prophecy, that some among the Jews should be found of an exceeding great age? "If it be marvellous in the eyes of the people in these days, should it also be marvellous in mine eyes, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Such a method of removing difficulties, can never satisfy a discerning critic, or do honour to revelation. At the time to which the objection refers, it was as contrary to the state of things under the Jewish dispensation, as it was to the usual course of nature, for persons to live above an hundred and sixty-six years. Indeed, the promise of long life under the Mosaic law, did not originally include the term contended for by our learned Author. Unless, therefore, he can find out a more rational mode of answering the objections to his hypothesis, it must, we are afraid, fall to the ground.----Dr. Parry has added a variety of notes, some of which are ingenious and valuable.----*Monthly Rev.*

XXIII. Remarks on the opinions of some of the most celebrated Writers on Crown Law, respecting the due distinction between Manslaughter and Murder; By Granville Sharp. 11. 6d.

The tendency of this performance, is to prove the decision of private quarrels by private combat, to be contrary to law; and that when one of the parties falls, the survivor is guilty of wilful murder, and is not entitled to the mitigated verdict of manslaughter: in which conclusion it is difficult to differ from the writer. In his preface he makes the following just distinction between wilful murder and manslaughter.

"Now, certain it is, that some allowance ought to be made for heat of blood upon a *sudden provocation*, in consideration of the extreme frailty of human nature, provided

there are no circumstances of malice in the case. As if (for instance) a man, in *sudden anger*, should strike another, merely with his *fist*, or a small *cane*, or *stick*, meaning only to correct, and should accidentally kill; this would be, properly, *manslaughter*; which, though it is deemed *felony*, (as the act of striking, or beating another person is, in itself *unlawful*,) is nevertheless *pardonable* both by the laws of God and man. But when two persons fight with *dangerous weapons*, an *intention of killing* is *expressed* by the *weapons*; and *such intention* renders the manslaughter *voluntary*, which is the same thing as *wilful*; and consequently the "*malice prepense*" (which excludes the benefit of *clergy*) is necessarily *implied*, though the sudden anger be but a moment before the fatal stroke; for "*malice prepense*" is thus defined by Sir Edward Coke, "That is (says he) *voluntary*, and of *set purpose*, though done upon a *sudden occasion*: for if it be *voluntary* the law implieth *malice*." 3 Inst. c. xiii. p. 62.----*Mo. R.*

XXIV. Curious Reflections on the Single Combat, or Modern Duel. Addressed to Gentlemen in every Class of Life. 4to. 1s. Baldwin.

The Author of these considerations reduces the arguments which have been offered in behalf of the private combat, to these two:

"I. That the duel is the only expedient to obtain satisfaction for those injuries, of which laws take no cognizance.

"II. That a man of honour is bound on pain of infamy to resent every indignity that may be offered him, with the point of his sword, or with a pistol."

These positions our sensible Author undertakes to refute; and we shall give a specimen of his reasoning: but, first, it will not be improper to lay before our readers part of what he has said on the origin of the single combat, or duel.

"The judicial combat, (says he) the parent of modern duels, sprung from monkish superstition, grafted on feudal barbarism. It obtained in ignorant ages, on a conclusion that in this appeal to Providence, innocence and right would be pointed out by victory, and guilt stigmatized and punished by defeat. But, alas! experience at length taught us not to expect a miraculous interposition whenever superior strength, superior skill, and superior bravery or ferocity, either or all of them, happened to appear on the side of injustice."

We now return to our Author's manner of reasoning, upon the two postulata before stated:

"With respect to the first argument, says he, if we annex any determinate idea to our words, by satisfaction we are to understand redress, compensation, amends, or atonement. Now, Gentlemen! for the sake of all that is valuable in life, condescend for a minute

note to bring down your refined notions to the sure standard of common sense, and then weigh the satisfaction to be obtained in a duel.

" Is satisfaction to be enforced from an adversary, by putting a weapon into his hand, and standing a contention with him life for life, upon an equal chance?

" Is an offender against the rules of gentility, or against the obligations of morality, a man presumptively destitute of honour himself, fairly entitled to this equal chance of extending an injury already committed, to the irreparable degree of taking the life also from an innocent man?

" If a gentleman is infatuated enough to meet a person who has degraded himself from the character of a gentleman, upon these equal terms, and loses a limb, or his life, what species of satisfaction can that be called? --- But it is better to suffer death than indignity. What from the injurious hand? Correct your ideas, and you will esteem life too valuable to be complimented away for a mistaken notion.

" If the aggressor falls, the full purpose of the injured person is thus answered, but what is the satisfaction? The survivor becomes a refugee like a felon; or if he should be cleared by the equivocal tenderness of a court of justice, must he not be a barbarian instead of a gentleman who can feed upon this inhuman bloody satisfaction, without experiencing the pangs of self-reproach for having sacrificed the life of a fellow-creature to a puntilio; and perhaps involved the ruin of an innocent family by the brutal deed? If, on the other hand, he is really a mistaken man of humanity, what has he obtained? The satisfaction of imbibing all the remainder of his life with the keenest sorrow; of having forfeited all his future peace of mind by a consciousness of guilt, from which his notions of honour can never release him, till the load drags him down to the grave!

" If a man of strict honour is reduced to beg his life of a mere pretender to honour, a scoundrel; what portion of satisfaction can this be esteemed? Is not this a mortifying painful aggravation of a wrong already sustained? What consolation can honour afford for such a disgrace?"

Our Author has some other very sensible animadversions on this first branch of the argument in defence of duelling; after which he proceeds to the second plea, viz. " the obligation of resenting affronts in this manner, founded on the infamy of suspected courage; and, in our opinion, he satisfactorily proves, that this argument is by no means irrefragable: but for his reasoning on this delicate point, we must refer to his pamphlet, and proceed to take notice of his plan for putting a stop to the practice of duelling.

In the first place, he recommends that a law be passed, " declaring the act of sending a challenge, or the reducing a person to de-

feat his life with sword or pistol, to be felony: and the killing a person in a duel, to be punished as murder, without benefit of clergy, unless sufficient proof is made that the party killed really urged the combat."

As this first part of his proposal relates rather to the mode of *punishing* than to the means of *preventing* duels, he proceeds:

" In every quarrel between two gentlemen where satisfaction is thought necessary, let the parties be empowered to summon a jury of honour from among their friends, six to be appointed by one gentleman, and six by the other.

" Let this jury of honour, when duly assembled, discuss the merits of the dispute in question, and form their opinion by a majority of votes; but to guard against generating fresh quarrels by the discovery of the votes on either side, let the whole twelve be bound to secrecy upon their honour, and the whole twelve sign the verdict of the majority. Let a copy of this verdict be delivered, or transmitted to the gentleman whose conduct is condemned: and if he refuse to make the required concession or due satisfaction, let this opinion be published in such a manner as may be thought proper, and be understood to divest him of his character as a gentleman so long as he remains contumacious.

" By this single expedient conveyed in a few words, it is hoped the necessity of duels may be effectually superseded, the practice suppressed, and ample satisfaction enforced for all injuries of honour. This plan may perhaps admit of amendment, but it is feared, that the more complicated it is rendered, the more difficult it may prove to carry into execution: and it is hoped, such as it is, it will not be the worse thought of, for coming from an unknown pen."

With respect to the practicability of this scheme, we apprehend that the great difficulty would lie in the *obliging* the quarrelling parties, or either of them, *who by the Author's plan are merely *enforcers** to refer the matter to the court of honour. But the writer does not give this as a finished plan: he barely suggests the hint; leaving others to improve upon it, if thought worthy of further consideration.

As to the proposed act for punishing the survivor, where one of the parties has fallen in the conflict, it is, indeed, a melancholy truth that our laws in being have been found inadequate to the purpose of preventing duels, by the dread of legal consequences. The King of Sweden's method was virtually the same with that which is here recommended; and it is said to have been effectual in that kingdom.

The great Gustavus Adolphus, finding that the custom of duelling was become alarmingly prevalent among the officers in his army, was determined to suppress, if possible, those false notions of honour. Soon after the King had formed this resolution, and in-

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sued some very rigorous effects against the practice, a quarrel arose between two of his generals; who agreed to crave his Majesty's permission to decide their difference by the laws of honour. The King consented; and said he would be a spectator of the combat. He went, accordingly, to the place appointed, attended by a body of guards, and the public executioner. He then told the combatants, that "they must fight till one of them died;" and turning to the executioner, he added, "Do you immediately strike off the head of the survivor?" --- The Monarch's inflexibility had the desired effect; the difference between the two officers was adjusted; and no more challenges were heard of in the army of Guitavus Adolphus. --- *M. Rev.*

XXV. *Letters by several eminent Persons deceased, including the Correspondence of John Hughes, Esq; and several of his Friends: with Notes. 3 vols. 9s. bound.*

THE first edition of these letters was published in 1753, in two volumes. The second impression, which is now before us, is enlarged by the following articles, viz. *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of John Hughes, Esq; XXXII Letters by several eminent persons deceased; Moral reflections, Miscellaneous Observations, and the Preamble to the Patent for creating Lord Chancellor Cooper an earl, by Mr. Hughes; Verses on Mr. Hughes's Translation of Abelard's Letters, by the Rev. Mr. Bunce; Prologue to All for Love, acted at Blenheim-House, in 1758, by Bishop Hoadly. Farther Particulars of Mrs. Bridget Bedyfie, grand-daughter of Oliver Cromwell, by Dr. Brooke and Mr. Lufon. Ode on Amicium Navis Ratum*, by Dr. Kirkpatrick; and many Notes and Observations on these pieces by the ingenious editor.*

The letters here offered to the public are of a miscellaneous nature, like the letters of Swift and Pope, and, though not of any considerable importance in themselves, may serve to throw a light on the history of learning, and the characters of some of the most eminent writers of the present century.

The following letter is curious; and will be the more acceptable to our readers, as it contains some of the last intelligence from the gentlemen who embarked for the East-Indies, Sept. 30, 1769, on board the unfortunate Aurora.

"*Mr. Hirst to Mr. Fazakerly.*

"*Dear Faz. Cape-town, Dec. 19, 1769.*

"*I write this from the Dutch town at the Cape of Good Hope. My last gave you an account of our arrival at and departure from Madeira, and this acquaints you that we arrived here the 6th instant, from whence, it is imagined, we shall sail the day after to-mor-*

* *The Rev. Mr. Hirst, F. R. S., chaplain to the commission on board the Aurora.*

row. I have made many little excursions during my residence here, but not far enough into the country to give you much account of it; and there is little worth conveying to you from hence, unless I could have sent some authentic anecdotes of the Aborigines of the country, I mean the Hottentots; and they are all shrunk into the inland parts, at least two or three hundred miles from the Cape. We have seen but three of them (all men) since our arrival here; nor do I recollect that I saw more when I was here before.

"*As we are in south latitude, the weather is at this time exceeding sultry, so that we are obliged to keep under cover great part of the day, the thermometer being now at 83 deg. a heat much beyond what you generally have in England in summer.*

"*Yesterday and the day before I made one of a party with Mr. Vanittart to Bay Fallo, about twenty English miles from the Cape. We rode partly on horseback, and partly in a coach, having two of the governor's coaches and six to attend us. Indeed I cannot say too much of the very hospitable reception we meet with here, owing to the great respect which the Dutch governor and his council shew to Mr. Vanittart. You may be sure, this circumstance gives me no small pleasure, as it is a proof of the great name and character he has in India, that even strangers are not unacquainted with it. It has been reported that Cape Fallo is a much more proper situation for a colony than the place which the Dutch have chosen here; but this is not fact, as the hills, or rather mountains, descend almost to the sea-side, and are so steep and craggy as not to admit of cultivation. The company have lately built some storehouses there for the service of the shipping in the winter-time, when the winds blow so hard in Table-bay, that they cannot with safety ride here.*

"*It is with some satisfaction I recognize the view of the Table-land and its environs, and am pleased to find the resemblance of my view of it in 1765 much more strong than I thought. If I had more time, and less indolence, I might perhaps make it less unworthy the acceptance of my friends. The comet which we saw in England approaching to the sun, we saw returning from it. I took two observations of its situation in the heavens with respect to the neighbouring fixed stars, and wrote on the occasion a sheet-full, which I intended to have sent to my friend Maikelyne at Greenwich: but this, as well as many other papers, I have either lost or mislaid at sea; and it often happens, as the Earl of Dorset says, that*

"*Our paper, pens, and ink, and we*

"*Are tumbled up and down at sea,*

"*We continue to be very harmonious, and consequently very happy, on board the Aurora. I know this will give great pleasure to all Mr. Van's real friends, and be the occasion of great chagrin and disappointment*

to all who expected the commission would be overtaken by the diffidence of the commissioners. God bless you, my dear friend!—
Yours ever,
W. HIRST."

It seems now, says the editor in a note on a former letter from Mr. Hirst, to be the general idea, that this unfortunate ship was burnt. It is affirmed, that the superiors, among other indulgencies had hot suppers; and every seaman knows, and most have experienced, the dangers and accidents to which ships are exposed by fire as well as water, even with the utmost care and circumspection.

All the *additions* to the second impression of this work are collected and published in a separate volume, in justice to the purchasers of the first edition. ——*Crit. Rev.*

XXVI. *A New Inquiry into the Causes, Symptoms, and Cure, of putrid and Inflammatory Fevers, with an Appendix.* By Wm. Fergyce, M.D. 3d. jewed.

WE are at a loss to determine on what account our author has called this a *New ENQUIRY*; as we find, after an attentive perusal of the work, that it contains more of the parade of science, than any *new manner* of information, either with respect to the nature or the cure of fevers.

The Appendix treats of the hæmorrhage, and the ulcerated and malignant sore throat. In the first of these, Dr. Fergyce very judiciously recommends repeated small bleedings, a strict antiphlogistic diet, and change of air.

In the management of the malignant sore throat, our author condemns the use of aromatic cordials, blisters, and anodyne astringents; and gives the following method of cure in this disease:

"It is agreed on all hands, that the body must be very plethoric indeed, and in adults only, to require bleeding: I never saw it necessary even once. I believe the repetition of it to be in general deadly.

"Neither do haemorrhages from the nose relieve the patient: They have indeed been reckoned dangerous here, as in other putrid distempers; and yet I have seen them happen very often, without proving a mortal symptom. In the blood, if drawn up, the coagament is rather of a lax gelatinous texture, than dense or compact, fine and rich, florid as Lamb's blood, and quite soft. See Doctors Fotherell and Huxham.

"Emptying the stomach by a gentle vomit will scarce ever fail to be of use; and there certainly appears to be a part of the putrid humours, that can only be discharged from the body by the stomach.

"Where there is a loofenes, I generally correct the humours with my antifeptic wine whey, by lemonade, tamarind tea, or imperiale. I never saw the loofenes treated in this manner do hurt, though the purging is commonly dreaded as the greatest scarecrow

in the malignant sore throat, and therefore checked by every power of art. It did not hurt last summer in two young gentlemen of noble families, though it went on after the scarlet and crimson eruption was complete; and where it has been stopped by opiates and astringents, it has still proved fatal.

"We have seen cases in which blisters did not mend the matter. Heredita seldom found any benefit from them; and we have remarked above, that if made of cantharides, they are totally against the genius and character of the putrid fever. To look for any utility from the discharge they occasion, in a disease where there scarcely exists any purulence, and where there is too much stimulus every where, appears rather to be worthy of a docting nurse, than of a man of sense and skill.

"Dr. Fothergill has given us the history of two cases, where warm aromatic cordials and anodyne astringents were administered assiduously, with suitable nourishment, and vesicatory applied successively to the neck, the back, and arms, but without effect.

"There is not in this disease a more favourable symptom than a disposition to sweat, with a soft and moist skin: nothing seems to shorten it so much, to take off the delirium sooner, or to promote so happily a good sediment in the water.

"I never gave volatiles, except Minderus's spirit, salt of amber, or the anodyne liquor of F. Hoffman, which are all anti-epic; because I know that volatiles only dispose the juices to be more putrid, or quicken the putrid proceſs where it has already taken place too surely.

"Where cordials are wanted, or indicated, we can be at no loss while currant jelly, orange and lemon, or wines diluted into what is called bishop or negus, or yet pure wine or old cider, can be had. I never did, nor ever do expect, to see the strength supported, or the disease alleviated, by any possible preparation of animal substances. After sweating has begun, I believe wine will never hurt, if given with moderation, either diluted as above, or mixed with panada, fago, rice, and other gruels. Contrast with this kind of practice theirs who give draughts, composed of God knows what, so often as every two or three hours, day and night, for days and nights successively, as if nature neither required other drinks, or foods, or repose.

"If the circumstances of the case require it, Peruvian bark is hurried down with the same hæte and felicitate; and bark must be given in our times, whether indicated or not. Where this best and only true febrifuge drug is necessary, (and it has often the happy power of triumphing over malady in this disease, as well as in other putrid fevers) let it in God's name be given in sufficient quantity to put them in a state of safety, but not persevered in for days and nights together, without

without any respite to the poor persecuted patient, when either the difficulty no longer exists, or the state of the skin, or the increased dryness, blackness, and hardness of the tongue, so strongly and fully point out the impropriety of persisting longer in its use! or as if it were, even in such a situation, our last sole resource, tho' in fact, we have so many other aids from fruits, wines, and strong antiseptics both vegetable and mineral. These last remarks are equally applicable to the putrid fever at large, and to the malignant sore throat under consideration." — *Monthly Review.*

XXVII. *A Treatise on the Kinkcough, With an Appendix, containing an Account of Hemlock and its Preparation.* By Wm. Butter, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, 3*o*. Jewed.

THE following are Dr. Butter's principal conclusions with respect to the nature, seat, and occasional cause of the Kinkcough.--- That it is an epidemic contagious disease of the spasmodic kind; that the primary affection, is a morbid irritability of the mucous glands; that it is not seated either in the lungs, the top of the gullet, or stomach, but in the intestinal canal; and that an infectious malady is the occasional cause.

There is one very obvious objection to what our Author advances concerning the seat of the disease. If the Chincough be a disease of the mucous glands, whence is it that the glands of the intestinal canal should be first affected? Infectious maladies floating in the air, and repeatedly inspired with the breath, should primarily affect the glands of the trachea and lungs, rather than those of the intestines.

But the most valuable part of this publication is the method of cure, provided further experience confirms the Author's observations.

Hemlock, according to this Writer, is a specific in this disease; it cures the kinkcough, safely, certainly, expeditiously, and pleasantly; which are all the requisites of the most desirable and compleat cure: And his general manner of exhibiting it is as follows: "Take of spring water, two ounces and a half; syrup of pale roses, half an ounce; hemlock-pill, one grain; mix them." This mixture to be taken at several doses, so as to be finished in 24 hours; and the quantity of hemlock may be gradually increased from one grain to ten or twelve grains, according to the age of the patient, or the effects of the medicine. — *Mon. Rev.*

XXVIII. *A Description of the Human Eye, and its adjacent Parts; with their Diseases, and Methods proposed for relieving them.* By Jof. Warner, F. R. S. 1*o*. 6*d*. Jewed. 1773.

"THE following Treatise, says Mr. Warner, is intended for the information and improvement of those young gentlemen in

the professions of physic and surgery, whose ages and employments have not yet furnished them with sufficient opportunities of acquiring such a degree of knowledge, as long experience in private practice, and the advantages of many years attendance upon an hospital, are capable of affording."

This description of the eye, we apprehend, is drawn up in such a manner, as to fulfil the Author's intention: The anatomical parts, and the descriptions of the diseases, are clear and concise; and the means of relief well adapted to the respective complaints. — *Monthly Review.*

XXIX. *The Works of Dr. John Eachard, late Master of Carolean-Hall, Cambridge.* 3 vols. 12*mo*. 7*l*. 6*d*. Jewed.

TO this publication the editor has prefixed a short account of the life and writings of the author; and this edition of his works contains,

1. The Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy and Religion enquired into, in a letter to R. L.

2. Some Observations upon the Answer to an Enquiry into the Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy, with some additions, in a second letter to R. L.

3. Mr. Hobbes's State of Nature considered, in a Dialogue between Timothy and Philautus.

4. Five Letters in Defence of the Contempt of the Clergy, &c.

5. A Second Dialogue between Timothy and Philautus, on the Writings of Mr. Hobbes.

These tracts have been generally admired for acuteness of reasoning, and a particular vein of raillery and humour. — *Crit. Rev.*

XXX. *An Introduction to the Mechanical Part of Clock and Watch Work.* By Thomas Hatton. 8*vo*. 6*d*.

WE refer the young, ingenious artist to a perusal of this work, wherein, we doubt not, he will find ample satisfaction. — *Crit. Rev.*

XXXI. *An Essay in favour of such public Remedies as are usually distinguished by the Name of Quack Medicines, Wherein the Objections hitherto made against them are fully answered, and their Virtues set forth in a proper Light.* By a Country Gentleman, formerly a Practitioner in the Science of Physic. 8*vo*. 1*l*. Creuder.

WHEN we first viewed this pamphlet, we expected to find either the reverse of what the title expresses, or that it was published with an interested view, to recommend some particular nostrum: we were, however, agreeably disappointed in finding it of a different stamp, which induced us to read the whole of it with care and attention.

The author, after justly observing, that "from the cradle to the grave we are the subjects of disease, and our lives are a series

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of misery and pain," enquires into the grounds of the opposition made by regular physicians to what he calls public medicines, and what the generality of people stigmatize with the name of quack. He attributes this opposition solely to interested motives, and argues very coolly and candidly on the subject.

" In vain (says he) do we attempt to render the earth more fertile--in vain do we labour to extend our commerce----the charms of poetry are wholly useleſſ, and even music'self has no power to please--if, with all these blessings, we still are languishing on the bed of sickness. Even all that gold could procure us would be taſteleſ and inſipid, had we not health to enjoy what we poſſeſſ. The enjoyment of the blessings of health, this writer affeſts, is in the power of public medicines to procure us; and mentions many cures performed by *old women*, affiſed by well-known medicines and ſalves, after all the art of the faculty had been in vain exhausted.

If what he advances with reſpect to Mr. Pierce's ſtupic medicine be true, (and it is not in our power to diſpute it) we think the treatment it met with was ungenerous and illiberal: but what he afterwards urges in favour of public medicines for the cure of too popular a disorder, we could wish, for many reaſons, had been omitted.

Though this writer, in the beginning of his pamphlet, profeſſes his intentions of writing ſeriously on a matter of ſo much importance, yet he has given us many ſtrokes of humour.

After ſpeaking thus much on the favourable ſide of this pamphlet, the author will excuse us if we make one obſervation, of which we hoped he would have ſaved us the trouble. It is well known, that as ſoon as any public medicine has gained credit with the public, it is preſently counterfeited by people, who, not contented with moderate profits, ſell any thing in imitation of it, made up with the worſt of drugs, and frequently very diſſerent ones introduced from thence or which the genuine medicine is compoſed. Thoſe are diſperſed among thoſe who know not the true from the falſe, and the moſt fatal conſequenſes frequently follow. This is not the only objeſion we have to make to this publication; but, as we are obliged to cut matters ſhort, we shall only obſerve, that we hope, in the next edition, the author will preſcely inform us how we may avoid, on the one hand, the extra-erarg expences of a physician; and, on the other, the danger of counterfeiting quack medecines.

The author concludes this pamphlet with a poem, at the opening of which the physician is repreſented as in converſation with the vicar of his parish, who seems deſirous of making his ſon a doctor, and lays down a plan of education for that purpofe, proceeding gradually from the Grammar ſchool,

through the many ſtudies of Latin, French, and Greek, and thence to the universities of this and other countries; after which his ſtudies are to be completed by attending lectures, hospitals, &c. &c.---The physician here in-terrupts him thus:

— Hold! hold! my friend, Tom of his ſtudies ne'er will ſee an end! Why, at the rate you mean to go about, Two thouſand pounds will hardly bear you out:

But ceaſe this rant---I'll put you in a way, A hundred thall the whole expence defray.

I am retir'd from buſineſſ, therefore ſafe, And how I've humm'd the world, I now may

laugh:

I know nor Greek nor Latin, and have read Ev'n English authors very few, indeed! 'Tis not by learning we physicians rife, By other arts we catch the people's eyes; The force of mere abilities is finall, 'Tis front, appearance, and addrefs, is all. Some, who for learning bore ſuch high repute, Starve in obſcurity, and walk on foot; But he who has a front, addrefs, and wig, Rides in his coach, his fame and fortune big.

Men in all arts with ſome things cheat

our eyes, And every trade has got its mysteries; Ours too is cloath'd with like mysteriouſ air, (For ev'n the trade of phyſic cheats its ſhare.) Thus I am call'd, for inſtance, to a cafe: I go in all the forms of drefs and face; Enquire the ſymptoms--patient's pulse I feel.

" You underſtand the cafe," ---" Extremely well."

For if but in the leaſt you ſeem to doubt,

" The doctor knows not what he is about," With pen and ink my ready hand I arm,

And order what will do nor good nor harm,

If Nature can her part ſuccesful play,

'Tis I with all the honou're run away;

But if the ſick grows worse and worse, or

dies,

A thouſand reaſons instantly will rife--

Caught cold---the fault at nurie's threſhold

lies!

I paint a patient bad as e'er I can,

" The cafe is deip'rate---he's a dying man,"

Then if he dies----" Why he's a prophet

ſure!"

But if he lives---" God bleſſ me! --- what a

cure!"

The friends, perhaps, are anxious to be told

What's his disorder---that I can't unfold;

Yet put 'em off with ſome hard mytic name,

It goes down! ---right or wrong, 'tis all the

ſame!

[*Land. Mag.*]

XXXII. *Four Tracts, together with two Sermons, on Political and Commercial Subjects.*
By *Jacob Tucker, D. D. Dean of Glouceſter, &c.*

THESE Tracts are, 1ſt, a ſolution of the important queſtion, Whether a poor country, where raw materials and proviſions are cheap, and wages low, can ſupplant the

trade of a rich manufacturing country, where raw materials and provisions are dear, and the price of labour high; with a postscript obviating objections. 2. The case of going to war for the sake of trade, considered in a new light; being the fragment of a greater work. 3d. A letter from a merchant in London, to his nephew in America, concerning the late and present disturbances in the colonies. 4th. The true interest of Great-Britain set forth in regard to the colonies; and the only means of living in peace and harmony with them.

For the publication of these Tracts, (being by some thought foreign to the profession of a preacher) Dr. Tucker makes this apology:

"I have been repeatedly accused of having made the whole of religion to consist in the promotion and extension of commerce; or, in other words, of *making trade my religion*; and that, according to my theory, the most extensive merchant, or the greatest manufacturer, was *therefore the best Christian*. Now, if it be true, that I do maintain any such *strange* and *heterodox* doctrine, I humbly apprehend, that the sermons here printed will be the likeliest of any, which I have ever written, to confirm, or refute this heavy charge."

Dr. Tucker, in his fourth and last Tract, which he says, he has added to shew what he thinks the true interest of Great-Britain in regard to the Colonies, considers all the schemes that have been proposed effectually to bring the Americans to terms of mutual agreement. As the third scheme which he considers is the first that has been suggested on the present occasion, what the Doctor says on that head shall suffice as a specimen till a more ample account can be digested.

THIRD SCHEME.

"The expediency of having recourse to arms in order to compel the colonies to submit to the authority and jurisdiction of the Supreme Council of the British Empire, the Parliament of Great-Britain,

"In regard to which important point, the gentleman reasons after the following manner:—“After such an offer of an union, and the contemptuous refusal of it by the colonies, we may well suppose, that they (the inhabitants of Great Britain) will act as one man, to support the just and lawful, and necessary authority of the supreme legislature of the British nation over all the dominions of the crown. The justice of their cause will give vigour to their measures; and the colonies that shall have the folly and presumption to resist them, will be quickly reduced to obedience.”

“It is possible, nay indeed it is very probable, that if a war was to be speedily undertaken, before Great Britain and Ireland had been too much exhausted of their inhabitants, emigrating to North America, the forces of the mother-country might prevail, and America, however unwilling, be forced to submit.

But alas! victory alone is but a poor compensation for all the blood and treasure which must be spilt on such an occasion. Not to mention, that after a conquest of their country, the Americans would certainly be less disposed, even than they are at present, to become our good customers, and to take our manufactures in return for those injuries and oppressions which they had suffered from us:—I say, *injuries and oppressions*; because the colonies would most undoubtedly give no色彩 to an appellation to this conquest, though perhaps it would be no other in itself, than a just chastisement for the manifold offences they had committed. Moreover, as the Americans are endeavouring even at present to set up all sorts of mechanic trades in order to rival us, or at least to supersede the use of our manufactures in their country,--can any man suppose, that their ardor for setting up manufactures would be abated by their being forced to deal at the *one only European shop*, which they most detest?

“But what is still worse, if possible,—though the British troops might over-run the great continent of North-America at first, it doth by no means follow, that they could be able to maintain a superiority in it afterwards for any length of time; and my reason is, because the governing of a country after a peace, is a much more arduous task, in certain circumstances, than the conquering it during a war. Thus, for example, when a peace ensues, (and surely it is not intended that we shall be for ever in a state of war) then a civil constitution of some kind or other must necessarily be established, and in the case before us there seems to be no other alternative, but either the permitting the colonies to enjoy once more these advantages of English liberty, and of an English constitution, which they had forfeited; or else a resolution to govern them for the future by arbitrary sway and despotic power. If the latter should be the plan adopted, I then humbly submit it to be duly weighed and considered, what a baleful influence this *gouvernement à la Prusse* would have on every other part of the British Empire, England free, and America in chains! And how soon would the enslaved part of the constitution, and perhaps the greater, contaminate the free and the latter? Nay, as America was found to increase in strength and numbers, an army of English-born soldiers (for no other could be trusted) first of 50,000, and afterwards perhaps of 100,000, would scarcely be sufficient to keep their turbulent spirits in awe, and to prevent them, at such a prodigious distance from the centre of government, from breaking out into insurrections and rebellions at every favourable opportunity. But if the former were to prevail, and a return of English liberties was again to take place, it must also follow, that the system of trials by juries must return with them: and then, when America shall grow stronger and stronger every day, and

and England proportionably weaker, how is an insurrection to be quelled in America? And what English officer, civil or military, would dare to do it? Nay, I ask further, granting that he was so brave, or rather so fool-hardy, as to attempt to do his duty, who is to protect him in the execution of his office? Or, how is he to be preserved, *by due forms of law*, against the determination of an American jury? A tumult is excited;—the military is called forth;—the soldiers are insulted;—many perhaps wounded, and some even killed. The patience of the officers worn out, and in their own defence, they are obliged to give the word of command to *fire*. The relations of those who *fell* by this fire, bring on an appeal of blood. The American jury find the officers who commanded, and perhaps the whole corps who fired, guilty of wilful murder; and then all the power of the crown, *legally* exerted, is not able to save the lives of these poor innocent men. Pitiable sure is such a case; and yet it is a case which would and must frequently then happen in the natural course of things, according to our legal constitution." —[*Gent. Mag.*]

XXXIII. *Considerations on the Theory of Religion.*
By Edmund Lord Bishop of Carlisle. 6s.

THIS valuable work is divided into three parts.

In the first, the author shews, that the want of universality in natural and revealed

In the second, he vindicates the scheme of

Divine Providence, with regard to the time and manner of the several dispensations of revealed religion, more especially the Christian.

In the third, he considers the progress of natural religion and science, or the continual improvement of the world in general.

This treatise is said to have been originally part of a larger design, tending to shew, that arts and sciences, natural and revealed religion, have upon the whole been progressive from the creation of the world to the present time; and that they have been suited to each other, as well as to the circumstances of mankind, during each eminent period of their progression.

To this treatise are added two discourses: the former, on the life and character of Christ; the latter, on the benefit procured by his death, in regard to our mortality.

In this discourse the author considers the sentence passed upon Adam; and from thence infers, that death is a real cessation of life and action. He then shews, that we are delivered from it through Jesus Christ; and that this deliverance commences at the resurrection,

In an Appendix to this discourse he enquires into the use of the word *soul* in scripture, and the state of the dead there described. On the latter topic he cites a great variety of texts, in which, death is represented as a negation of all life, thought, and action.

a state of silence, oblivion, darkness, and destruction. He then produces a great number of passages, in which we are assured, that we shall not awake, or be made alive, till the resurrection. After which he examines and explains all those texts of scripture, which are usually adduced, to prove the doctrine of an intermediate state.

This, we apprehend, is a fair, open, ingenuous appeal to the words of scripture, and to every one, who is able to judge for himself, with respect to the meaning of those passages, which are submitted to his view.

They who may possibly object, that, upon his lordship's hypothesis, the time which passes between death and the general judgment is a blank and void space in the existence of man and the scheme of providence, may consider, that time unperceived makes no distance or difference; that this interval, during the sleep of death, will be no more to us than the twinkling of an eye; and that the hour of death, and the resurrection, are therefore in reality coincident.

There are such evident traces of moderation and candor, of solid sense and a liberal spirit, in all these productions, that they cannot fail of giving real satisfaction and pleasure to every intelligent and impartial reader. But, as they have now been published several years, and are in the highest estimation among the learned, all encomiums on our work would be superfluous. It will therefore be sufficient to observe, that the new edition, which is now presented to the public, is corrected, improved, and enlarged in several places.—*Crit. Rev.*

XXXIV. *The History of the Life of Nader Shabz*,
extracted from an Eastern manuscript which
was translated into French by order of his Ma-
jesty the King of Denmark. By Wm. Jones,
Esq; Fellow of the University-College, Oxford,
and F. R. S. 8vo. 6s.

WE have not lately perused a more spirited performance than the *Preface* with which this work is introduced. It is designed to explain the motives which induced the author to undertake the translation before us, with the addition of some general observations on history; in which, speaking of the writers of history, Mr. Jones quotes Cicero's description of a complete historian, and thus proceeds:

" If we form our idea of a complete historian from these rules, we shall presently perceive the reason, why no writer, ancient or modern, has been able to sustain the weight of so important a character; which includes in it the perfection of almost every virtue and every noble accomplishment; an unbiased integrity, a comprehensive view of nature, an exact knowledge of men and manners, a mind stored with true and generous principles, a penetrating sagacity, a fine tale and copious eloquence: A perfect historian must know many languages, many arts, many

sciences; and that he may not be reduced to borrow his materials wholly from other men, he must have acquired the height of political wisdom, by long experience in the great affairs of his country both in peace and war. There never was, perhaps, any such character; and, perhaps there never will be: but in every art and science there are certain ideas of perfection, to which the works of human genius are continually tending, tho', like the logarithmic spiral, they will never meet the point to which they are infinitely approaching."

In his short review of historians he gives a sketch of a character of Voltaire, which, we doubt not, will please the reader.

" M. de Voltaire seems to bear away the palm of history among the French: his style is lively and spirited, his descriptions animated and striking, his remarks always ingenious, often deep; and, if some trifling errors are discovered in his writings, we are willing to excuse them, when we reflect that he is not only the best historian, but the finest poet also, and the greatest wit of his nation. He appears to be unjustly charged with embellishing his pieces at the expence of truth, and with relating facts which he had not examined: this may, perhaps, be the case in one or two instances; but his life of Charles XII. gains fresh credit every day, and his account of Peter the Great was extracted from the most authentic materials; it was indeed the necessary fate of any author, who should write the lives and adventures of those two singular princes, to pass rather for the compiler of fables, than for the relater of real events, 'till time should confirm the truth of the actions recorded by him. It may be thought arrogant in a foreigner to criticise so great a writer in the article of style and language; but it seems to me that his periods are not sufficiently expanded: he describes a battle, and discourses on the fate of kingdoms, in the diction of an essay; and frequently huddles the most important remarks into the compass of a short sentence; so that the perpetual return of the full pause makes his language often dry, abrupt, and difficult to be read aloud without a fatiguing monotony. There are as many different kinds of style, as there are different subjects: that of an essay should be light and elegant; of a letter, lively and familiar; of an oration, copious and elate; of a moral discourse, grave and solemn; but that of an history ought to be smooth, flowing, and natural; without any graces but perspicuity: yet most authors form a way of writing peculiar to their own taste and genius; which they use indifferently on all occasions. Thus Voltaire is equally gay, equally polished, whether he writes upon history, criticism, or philosophy. His distinguishing excellence is wit, which, however, sometimes gets the better of his judgment.

At the conclusion of the Preface, the writer says, " It is a painful consideration that

the profession of literature, by far the most laborious of any, leads to no real benefit or true glory whatsoever. Poetry, science, letters, when they are not made the sole busines of life, may become its ornaments in prosperity, and its most pleasing consolation in a change of fortune; but if a man addict himself entirely to learning, and hopes by that either to raise a family, or to acquire, what so many wish for, and so few ever attain, an honourable retirement in his declining age, he will find, when it is too late, that he has mistaken his path; that other labours, other studies, are necessary; and that unless he can assert his own independence in active life, it will avail him little to be favoured by the learned, esteemed by the eminent, or recommended even by kings. It is true, on the other hand, that no external advantages can make any amends for the loss of virtue and integrity, which alone give a perfect comfort to him who possesses them. Let a man therefore, who wishes to enjoy what no fortune or honour can bestow, the blessing of self-approbation, aspire to the glory given to Pericles by a celebrated historian, of being acquainted with all useful knowledge, of expressing what he knows with copiousness and freedom, of loving his friends and country, and of declining the mean pursuits of lucre and interest. This is the only career, on which an honest man ought to enter, or from which he can hope to gain any solid happiness." --*Crit. Rev.*

XXXV. Three Discourses. 1. *Upon the Man after God's own Heart.* 2. *The Faith of Abram.* 3. *The Seal of the Foundation of God.* By Edw. Ewanfon, M.A. 1s. 6d.

THE three sermons in this pamphlet are followed by annotations on particular parts of them, which appear very sensible and judicious. The writer is naturally led, by some of his observations, to take notice of the Archdeacon of Winchester, who has advanced propositions so very different from those which are here laid down by Mr. Ewanfon; who is no friend to the high-flown claims of bigotted churchmen. Bigotted churchmen, therefore, are not likely to prove friends to him; and accordingly, we learn that Mr. E. is, at this time, actually under prosecution in the spiritual court, for omitting, in his official capacity, the Athanasian parts of the service of the church. On this occasion, we are told, a great number of the inhabitants of the parish, unknown to Mr. E. held a meeting, at which a very handsome sum was subscribed, for the maintenance of his cause: at the same time declaring their resolution to raise a farther sum, if it should be found necessary. This readiness, in a body of laymen, to support a pious and conscientious clergyman, and save him from sinking under the weight of legal oppression, reflects great honour on the town of Tewkesbury.

Worlaby Rev.

XXXVI. *The Apology of Thophilus Lindsey, M. A. on refusing the Vicarage of Catterick, Yorkshire.* 3r.

Mr. Lindsey's design in this Apology is not merely to offer a vindication of his own theological sentiments, or his motives and conduct, with respect to the resignation of his ecclesiastical preferment; but to consider the grounds of that supreme adoration, which is commonly paid to Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit; to promote an alteration of our Liturgy, and a union among Christians in the true worship of God.

As the doctrine of the Trinity is the great point in debate, the stumbling-block which has given him offence, and induced him to leave the church, he has made it the principal subject of this work: in the course of which he observes, that the word Trinity is an unscriptural term, not used, or even known for 200 years after Christ; that Christians for some ages were Unitarians; that the Athanasian doctrine was first established, and has been all along supported by violence and the secular power; that there are no texts of scripture, which denote a plurality of persons in the Deity; that our Saviour's character of mediator and high-priest is utterly incompatible with his being the object of worship; and that he himself, his apostles, and the first writers of the church, expressly teach us, that religious worship is to be addressed to no other being, besides God the Father.

With respect to this article, there is one proof, which seems to be more obvious and satisfactory than any other; that is, the direction of our Saviour himself, when he taught his disciples a form of prayer. He did not instruct them to pay their addresses to him, or to the Holy Spirit, but to God the Father. "When ye pray, say, our FATHER."

In this instance the Litany, our author thinks, is more exceptionable than any other office of devotion in our church.

The celebrated Dr. Clarke employed some part of his time in making alterations in his Common-Prayer Book, relative to the object of worship, &c. This manuscript, we are informed, has been presented by his son to the British Museum, where, it is to be hoped, it will not be consigned to oblivion. Mr. Lindsey has given us a list of many passages in the Liturgy, which are either changed or entirely struck out, by this very learned and judicious divine. Among these is the Gloria Patri, part of the Te Deum, part of the Litany, some of the Collects, &c.

At the conclusion of this tract, the author gives us a state of his own particular case and difficulties.

"Some things, says he, in the thirty-nine articles of our church, I always disapproved. And I remember it struck me at the time, as a strange unnecessary entanglement, to put young men upon declaring and subscribing their approbation of such a large heterogeneous mass of positions and doctrines as are con-

tained in the liturgy, articles, and homilies; especially, as I had observed, that none but those called Methodists, who were then much spoken of, preached in conformity to them. But I was not under any scruples, or great uneasiness on this account. I had hitherto no doubts; or rather, I had never much thought of, or examined into the doctrine of the Trinity: but supposed all was right there.

"Some years after, many doubts concerning that doctrine, which had sprung up in the mind at different times and from various causes, compelled me to a closer study of the scriptures with regard to it; for the state of suspense I was in was very uneasy to me. The more I searched, the more I saw the little foundation there was for the doctrine commonly received and interwoven with all the public devotions of the church, and could not but be disturbed at a discovery so ill fitting my intimation. For in the end I became fully persuaded, to use St. Paul's express words, 1 Corinth. viii. 6, that *there is but one God, the Father*, and he alone to be worshipped. This appeared to be the uniform unvaried language and practice of the Bible throughout. And I found the sentiments and practice of Christians in the first and best ages corresponding with it. In a course of time afterwards, in the progress and result of this enquiry, my scruples wrought so far as to put me upon actually taking some previous steps, with a design to relieve myself by quitting my preferment in the church."

He then proceeds to inform us, that the idea of casting himself out of his profession and way of usefulness, the continuance of many worthy persons in the church, whose opinions varied little from his own, and the various remonstrances of his friends, diverted him, for some time, from the thoughts of quitting his station in the church; but that he has lately been influenced by other considerations, and "some providential awakenings," to relinquish a situation, in which he could no longer conscientiously remain. Take the account of his final determination in his own words:—

"Upon the most calm and serious deliberation, therefore, and weighing of every circumstance, I am obliged to give up my benefice, whatever I suffer by it, unless I would lose all inward peace and hope of God's favour and acceptance in the end. Somewhat of a tendency to an issue of this sort, my friends may have occasionally observed, or recollect to have been dropped in conversation, or by letter: but I refrained from naming it directly, and thought it became me to be silent 'till the time approached, as my reasons were not another's; nor my conduct a rule for their's; nor did I know, or believe, that any one had such cogent motives to leave his station and ministrations in the church as I had."

"The example of an excellent person, now living at Wolverhampton, Dr. Robertson, has been a secret reproof to me ever

since I heard of it. For I thought, and perhaps justly, that he might not have all those reasons of dislike to our established terms of worship that I had; and, though myself not without unknown trials and difficulties to struggle with, and *not alone* involved in them, yet have I not *all* those diffusives and discouragements that he paints forth in his affecting letter to the Bishop of Epsom, subjoined to his instructive and learned work, and which I shall take leave to insert as an ornament and suitable conclusion of my subject and book.

In debating this matter with myself (says this worthy man) besides the arguments directly to the purpose, several strong collateral considerations came in upon the positive side of the question. The infirmities of my circumstances pressed me closely; a numerous family, quite unprovided for, pleaded with the most pathetic and moving eloquence. And the infirmities and wants of age, now coming fast upon me, were urged feelingly. But one single consideration prevailed over all these,---"That the Creator and Governor of the universe, whom it is my first duty to worship and adore, being the God of truth, it must be disagreeable to him to profess, subscribe, or declare, in any matter relating to his worship and service, what is not believed strictly and simply to be true."

We shall leave our readers to their own reflections on the conduct of this excellent person, whose Apology will be a lasting monument of his learning, modesty, piety, and integrity.---*Crit. Rev.*

**XXXVII. A Farewell Address to the Parochi-
oners of Catterick. By T. Lindsey. 6d.**

In this address, Mr. Lindsey says, "It is a great satisfaction at this my departure from you, that I can truly say, I have coveted no man's silver, nor gold, nor apparel. In nothing have I made a gain of you, or fought to enrich myself, nor am I enriched by you at all; but what was over and above the supply of necessary wants, has been freely expended in the various ways in which it was thought it might be most useful for your present benefit and future happiness. I have not fought *your*'s, but *you*. And altho' humbled before God under a sense of many failings and neglects, yet, in some low degree, I hope I may say, that in simplicity and godly sincerity we have had our conversation in the world, and more abundantly towards you.

"To leave," adds he, "a station of ease and affluence, and to have to combat with various trials and hardships of an uncertain world, is but a dark prospect. But we must willingly submit to this hard lot, when not to be avoided without deserting our duty to God and his truth."

XXXVIII. Julia, a Political Romance. 4s.

A poetical Romance, at least in the epistolary way, is a novelty in literature; and

for this reason, probably, the author of the work before us has not thought it necessary to invent a new title, but has contented himself with adopting in great measure that of the *Neuve Histoire de Rousseau*.

Whatever be the date of this performance, we think it a laudable effort to rescue romance-writing from the very abject state into which it is fallen,---*Crit. Rev.*

**XXXIX. A Letter from a Father to his
Daughter at a Boarding-School. 2s. sewed.**

We would recommend this Letter to the attentive perusal of young persons; and especially to those, who have any ambition to support an amiable or a respectable character. The author appears to be a man of sense, actuated by a truly parental affection, and an unfeigned desire to promote the most essential interest of his children, for whose use and benefit it was originally intended,---*Crit. Rev.*

**XL. Considerations on the Propriety of requiring
a Subscription to Articles of Faub. 1s.**

THIS pamphlet exhibits a fair and impartial view of the controversy concerning subscriptions; and is ascribed to a learned and amiable prelate, the B. of C.,---*Crit. Rev.*

**XLI. A Clear Display of the Trinity, from Di-
vine Revelation. 4s. sewed.**

THE author divides his work into three parts. In the first he undertakes to prove, that there is but one God; that there is a plurality in God, and that it is limited to three; and that each of the three hath attributed to him in Scripture the names and perfections proper only to God: or, that the names and perfections proper only to the Deity are common to the three, who are one. In the second part he endeavours to shew, that the names, or relative characters, Father, Son, and Word, Holy Ghost, or Spirit, are descriptive of the three distinct parts they sustain in the Divine economy. In the 3d part he points out the impropriety of some of the terms and phrases, which are commonly used in dissertations on the Trinity.

We cannot recommend this performance to the learned reader; for the author himself expressly declares that he does not write for the literati,---*Crit. Rev.*

**XLII. Loss Hints on the Subject of Non-confor-
mity. Addressed to the Right Rev. the Lord
Bishop of England. 1s.**

THE design of this tract is to shew, that all the clergy of the church of England, have in various instances, which the author specifies, publicly and confessedly violated the injunctions and directions contained in the rubrics and canons,---*Crit. Rev.*

**XLIII. The rational Christian's Assistant to the
worthy reading of the Lord's Supper. 4s.**

AN abridgment of Bp. Hoadly's plain account, drawn up with accuracy, and intended for the use of common people,---*Crit. Rev.*

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FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS.

The MONK and JEW.
A TALE.

STERN winter, clad in frost and snow,
Had now forbud the streams to flow,
And skating peasants swiftly glide,
Like swallows, o'er the slippery tide;
When Mordecai (upon whose face
The synagogue you plain might trace)
Fortune with smiles deceitful bore
To a curs'd hole but late skinn'd o'er.
Down plumps the Jew, and sinking, found,
Tho' deep the hole, the distant ground;
Rising, the friendly ice he caught,
Which kept him from the chilling draught:
He gasp'd, he yell'd a hideous cry,
No friendly hand, alas! was nigh,
Save a poor Monk, who quickly ran
To snatch from death the drowning man:
But when the Holy Father saw
A limb of the Mosaic law,
His hand out-stretch'd he quickly withdrew;
For heavn's sake, help!—claims the Jew.
“ Turn Christian first,”—the Father cries :
I'm froze to death,—the Jew replies.
“ Froze,” quo' the Monk, “ too soon you'll
“ know,
“ There's fire enough for Jews below.
“ Renounce your unbelieving crew,
“ And help is near.”—*I do, I do,*
“ Damn all your brethren great and small.”
With all my heart; oh! damn 'em all,
Now help me out!—“ There's something more,
“ Kiss this blest crois, and Christ adore.”
There! there! I Christ adore!—“ Tis well;
“ Thus arm'd defiance bid to hell;
“ And yet—another thing remains
“ To guard against eternal pains :
“ Do you our Papal Father hold
“ Heavn's Vicar; and believe all told
“ By holy Church?”—*I do, by G-d!*
One moment more I'm food for ed.
Drag, drag me out, I freeze, I die!
“ Your peace, my friend, is made on high,
“ Full abolition here I give,
“ Saint Peter will your foul receive;
“ Wash'd clean from sin, and duly shriven,
“ New converts always go to heaven :
“ No hour for death so fit as this;
“ Thus, thus I launch you into blifs,”
So said, the Father in a trice
His convert launch'd beneath the ice.

The SEASONS. An ODE.

WINTER.

WHEN heaps congeal'd of dazzling
snow
Oppress the mountain's ermin'd brow;

When loudly-blust'ring winds arise,
And hoar-fey-hurling sweep the skies;
When frozen billows call to roar,
Fast cleaving to the blafted shore;
Then from abroad, my friend, retire,
And jovial crowd the high-pil'd fire :
Your chilling foul with goblets clear
Of rosy wine, or frothy beer,
Or drive the tedious time away,
With blisful sport and harmls play.
Let no vain cares torment your breast,
But drink, and leave to heaven the rest;
For soon th' auspicious Power above
The gloomy prospect will remove:
‘Tis he, whose nod impious binds
The fury of the raging winds.
At his command the storms arise,
He speaks—again the tempest dies:
Unruffled flows the limpid flood,
Unshaken stands the leafy wood.

SPRING.

When spring descends in teemful show'rs,
To paint the fields with blooming flow'rs :
When birds renew their chirping lays,
Perch'd on the green prolific sprays,
Then joys more pleasing you will prove,
The joys of blis imparting love :
Then o'er the turf-invested plains,
With sportful nymphs and tripping swains,
Invited by the sounding lyre,
You'll lead the joy-enraptur'd choir.

SUMMER.

When Summer, veil'd in tepid gales,
Advancing, o'er the Spring prevails ;
When shepherds drive their tainting flocks
Beneath the rugged rough-bent rocks ;
When Phœbus darts his sultry beams,
Then plunge amidst the cooling streams;
Till rising brisk, alert and gay,
You bound to tufted groves away,
Where on soft beds of roses laid,
Beneath an oak's extended shade,
Shelter'd from Phœbus' burning rays,
You meditate your fylvan lays :
And while the gently-cooling breeze
Soft whispers thro' the gloomy trees,
You mark the daisy-border'd rills,
The mazy vales, the wood-crown'd hills,
And all the beauties of the grove,
Unbounded scene of joy and love !
Happy, & with some lovely fair
You can these rural beauties share :
Content shall crown the circling hours,
And ev'ry love-sprung blis be yours.

AUTUMN.

When Ceres scattering gifts around,
And Bacchus with perfection crown'd,
Auspicious pair! conjoin'd appear,
Fager to blest th' autumnal year,

Inviting



The Monk and Jew.

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Inviting the laborious swains
To reap rich blessings from the plains;
As soon as the shrill-founding horn
Proclaims the rosy-finger'd morn,
Rouse all the eager hunting crew,
Thro' hills and dales the chase pursue,
Seeking the branching stag to rear
With rapid steeds and pointed spear:
While the swift hounds their courses take,
And bleeding tear the spiny brake;
Till the proud beast tir'd heaves for breath,
And pangs and dreads devouring death.
Then, when the Sun declining bends,
And Night her shady veil extends,
When huntmen, spent with toil and heat,
From the long-beaten plain retreat:
Let copious bowls of luscious wine,
New-prest'd, each gracer fense refine;
Or, where the vines their tendrils shoot,
Crop the profuse inviting fruit:
And, while you drain fair Autumn's store,
Grateful refund Pomona's pow'r;
Till Winter's hoary blasts again
Invert the year, and 'whelm the plain.

As round the sun the planets roll,
And thine alternate on the pole,
Thus each revolving season's found
With various bounties mutual crown'd:
The Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
Unnumber'd joys alternate bring;
On pleasures still new pleasures roll,
And charm each guilt-untainted foul.

While free, my friend, from baneful strife
You lead a peaceful rural life,
Avoid the cares which honours bring,
And scorn Ambition's soaring wing:
In calm content, serenely great,
Laugh at the gaudy pomp of state;
Resign'd to heav'n's auspicious pow'r,
Enjoy the present golden hour:
Think often grateful on the past,
And neither wish nor dread the last.

[*Lord. Mag.*]

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

On WINTER.

Written by a very young Lady, now at school.

NOW ice-clad Winter ravages the plain,
And all around us spreads her drear
domain;
Now frost and snow yield an unpleasant view,
And blooming cheeks now wear a pallid hue;
The purling streams, bound fast in icer chains,
Forget to glide along the spacious plains;
The tender, sportive lambkins, nipt with cold,
Now plaintive bleat, and, fluy'ring, seek the
cold;
No more the warbling songsters, on the spray,
Delight us with their sweet, harmonious lay;
For now the sportsman takes delight to rove
The once enchanting wood, and silent grove;
There he makes havock of the feather'd train,
There rends the constant lovers' hearts in
twain;

MISCEL. VOL. I.

From bush to bush the timid warblers fly,
Yet cannot 'scape his active, watchful eye.
Oh! for the power, as I've an heart, to spare
The tuneful tribes who skim the liquid air!
Then free from guns should they in safety
dwell,

From you poor sparrow to sweet philomel.

Farewell, my muse! no more of Winter sing,
Prepare thy voice to usher in the Spring:
"Tis that delightful season charms each eye,
Fore which stern Winter's dreary prospects
fly.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

A SIMILE, written by Mr. DUCK,
who was in Love with Miss DRAKE.

SAY, Fair One, didst thou never see,
(Tis but by way of simile)
Two creatures of the feather'd kind,
Alike in body and in mind;
Now swimming up or down the same
Gr' muddy or pellucid stream;
Now on the bank; their brood among,
Now waddling side by side along;
Together sleeping both and waking,
Together silent both and quacking;
Partners alike of joy and fear,
For ever faithful, ever dear.—
Emblem of matrimonial life,
A picture true of man and wife;—
How happy You and I cou'd be,
To lead this waddling life—agree,
Then change thy name, for heaven's sake!
Be thou the Duck, and I the DRAKE.

On the Death of Sir JOHN ROGERS, Bart.

WHEN virtuous souls depart this frail
abode,
And, disincumber'd, seek ferener skies,
Why stream our sorrows o'er the senseless clod?
Why swells the breast with unavailing sighs?
"Tis Nature's fault,—Yet wherefore Nature
blame?
The grateful heart must mourn the Christian
gone,
Whose charity reliev'd the wounded frame,
Whose sympathising breast made other's
pains its own.
Widows and orphans eyes with tears o'erflow:
Where's now their benefactor, guardian,
guide,
Whose voice spake comfort 'midst the scene
of woe,
Who rais'd their hopes, and all their wants
supplied?
The gen'rous friend, by social ties endear'd,
In silent sorrow, will his loss deplore,
Fondly recall the joys life's journey clear'd,
Joys fled like shadows, which return no
more.
His country, too, laments the patriot's zeal.
Freedom attends his grave with weeping
eye;

N The

The noble champion of the public weal
From Britons claims the tribute of a figh,
Yet let the widow's sorrows cease to flow,
Yet let the orphan dry the fruitless tear,
Yet let the gen'rous friend his grief forego,
His country mourn not o'er the patriot's
bier:—

See ! a bright lustre gilds the gloomy scene,
Seehope renew'd, whilst sorrow far retires ;
The Christian, friend, and patriot still remain,
For all the brother's worth his brother's
breast inspires.

[Gen. Mag.]

DEVONIENSIS.

E P I T A P H

For WILLIAM LUVELLING, the learned Collier, of Mangotsfield in Gloucestershire, who died the 2d of December, 1773, aged 86.

BENEATH this humble turf there lies
An honest Collier, learn'd and wife ; *
His mind, by love of knowledge fir'd,
To wisdom more than wealth aspir'd,
And thought it was a happy lot
To dwell with knowledge in a cot ;
To latest life from early youth,
His search was philosophic truth ;
And oft from nightly rest he stole, §
To seek the charmer of his soul.
In nature's book, by nature taught,
He learn'd to think as NEWTON thought, ||
And, with an astronomic eye,
Measur'd the rolling orbs on high ;
He knew the houses, motions, reign,
Of all the planetary Train ;
And with precision just and clear,
Mark'd out the orders of the year : †
To him were Nature's treasures known,
And science made them all his own. ‡

What tho' nor wealth nor honour'd birth
Distinguis'h'd him from men of earth---
What tho' nor state nor letter'd name
Enroll'd him in the list of fame---
His soul aspir'd to nobler things,
And left the world to Lords and Kings ;
Content t' enjoy the better part,
A knowing head and honest heart.

Accept, O Sage ! the tribute due
To worth so simply great as thine ;
And let the learn'd with candour view
What Friendship offers at thy shrine.

Mangotsfield, Dec. 14, 1773. W. O.

* He worked in the coal mines in Kingswood all his days, for the support of himself and Family.

§ He frequently spent near whole nights in star-gazing, and the study of the Heavens.

|| He read Newton, Halley, Kiel, and other learned authors ; and told me he laid out 30l. in the purchase of books of Science, and which money he saved out of the labour of his hands, in his younger days.

† He made an almanack.

‡ He ground glasses to the greatest perfection, and to any focus required ; he made refracting, reflecting, and double-tubed Telescopes, and also Microscopes of every kind.

The INVITATION. By a Gentleman in Maryland.

Addressed to a YOUNG LADY.

WHEN chilling Boreas blows no more,
And snows are melted down ;
When gentle zephyrs' soft'ning pow'r
Spring's mild advances own ;
Or if when scorching Sirius reigns,
And taints the putrid air,
Mindful of health, from sandy plains
To mountains you'll repair ;
A mountain bard your steps invites
To shun the baleful rays ;
In cooler shades to pass your nights,
In cooler sleep your days ;
Where no Mothetoes e'er intrude,
No fly disturbs your rest ;
Where Love alone will dare be rude,
And discompose your breast ;
Who haply may soft dreams impart,
And for your lover plead ;
With mutual passion touch your heart,
And he be blest indeed.

Come then, fair maid, and bring along
Your gentle manners, native ease,
The sprightly dance, the jocund song,
And all the pretty arts to please.

And if your fair companion deign
The Invitation to approve,
A mountain goddess she shall reign,
And wit shall weave the coronet of love,
Around her trees will crowd their shade,
And birds will chant a sprightlier lay ;
And ev'ry flower, ant' ev'ry blade,
Will welcome the auspicious day.

Fatal ambition ! haples fate !
Who wedded but to noble strife,
Exchanges happiness for state,
And sinks into a wretch for life.
The present hour is all we taste,
Catch the fleet pleasures as they move ;
We cannot be too much in hafte,
—'Tis all we have—to live and love.

Annapolis, Feb. 16, 1773.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.
To Miss E. W. L. — MS., of Br-ck-st-r-t, Bath.

ACCEPT, fair Betty, these my lays,
Nor deem it flatt'ry, when I praise
Your lovely person, beauteous mind,
Where wit and beauty are combin'd,
To heighten those bright charms we view
So sweetly center'd all in you.
Still, Betty, may those charms appear
To grow with each revolving year ;
When time takes off the pleasing grace
That now bedecks your lovely face,
Then will the beauties of your mind
Yield pleasures that are more refin'd ;
While you the pleasing truth shall prove,
No time can mental charms remove.

Feb. 5, 1774.

J. S.

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Regardless of time, then, we threw off restraint,
Nor fear'd we to wake the old spark;
Our songs were saucy, and our stories were
quaint,
And each was as gay as a lark.

When all on a sudden, so awful and tall,
One appear'd, who spoil'd a good song;
Father Time, moving round by the side of the
wall,
Behind us---slow stealing along:
We rose to his reverence, and offer'd a chair;
He said for no man he would stay;
Then Bacchus up started, and catch'd at his
hair,
And swore all the score he shou'd pay.

But Time, well aware of the God of the grape,
Evaded his efforts, and flew;
We seiz'd on his glass, ere he made his escape,
And instantly broke it in two:
Then we fill'd each with wine, instead of
his sand,
And drank double toasts to the fair;
Each member in turn, with a glass in each
hand,
Then parted, and went home---with Care.

The following elegant Verses were written at
Shobdon-Court, in Herefordshire, the seat of
the Lord Viscount Bateman, on the same agreeable subjects, and by the same ingenious
author, as those inserted in our last Miscellany.

MY LORD, August 7, 1773.
THE underv'd, the lawish praise,
Your judgment, partial to his lays,
Once gave an humble Parson;
Lest vanity may well excite,
Of wit or genius in despite
To carry the same Farce on.
He claims no favour from the Maids,
That wanton in Aïolian Shades,
A trick with Poets common;
What Muse can equal warmth infuse,
Or wake to ecstasy the lyre,
But Woman—lovely Woman?
Nor can he, with old stories, feign
Young Venus rising from the main,
In all her charms divine;
To find, perchance, a rival Grace
Like that which decks Almira's Face,
Or beautiful Caroline*.
The Goddess, of immortal birth
In other worlds remote from earth,
May flourish in description;
But—if with these the dares contend,
Her fam'd divinity must end,
Her charms be deem'd a fiction.
Do thou, O Memory, surely,
Whatever Fancy may deny,
Recall the jocund hour!
Hail the fair scene; the river lake,
The opening lawn, the rugged brake,
With love inspiring bower!

2

Mark---on the level green, the Fair
Now courts the cool, the fragrant air,
And ev'ry charm displays!
Now brightens with her smiles the grove,
With smiles---that can alone improve
The Paradise you raise.

The splendid elegance within,
The tribute of my verse must win,
Where reigns convivial joy;
The Painter's art, the Sculptor's knife
The features mellow'd into life
Of Maia's winged Boy.†

Happy, my Lord, such things possest;
But yet more happy in a blessing,
Which grandeur seldom knows;
O, could the Bard his numbers raise,
And sing but equal to her praise
Whose fair example thews
This truth; (confirm'd by many a sage,
And which the wreck of many an age
Immutably hath stood;) That Virtue blest ev'ry state,
And that the great---are truly great,
Like *aaa*,---when truly good.

* *Lady Amelia and Lady Caroline Carpenter.*

* This Stanza and the foregoing alludes to the elegance of Skobdon Court, and to the celebrated Statue of Mercury there.

E P I G R A M S.

THE ORACLE.
A Nymph and a swain to Apollo once
pray'd,
The swain had been jilted, the nymph been
betray'd;
They came then to try, if his oracle knew
E'er a nymph that was chaste, or a swain
that was true,
Apollo stood mute, & had almost been pey'd;
At length he thus fayly the question difsol'd:
"He alone may be true, in whom none will
confide;
"And the nymph may be chaste---that has
never been try'd."

ON A QUACK;
Who "travels by Act of Parliament,"
YE solemn tribe, who write---and take your
fees,
Adorn'd with English or with Scotch degrees:
Who boast of licenses, and idly post
Your lectures, hospitals, and such vain stuff;
Behold a man of more intrinsic worth,
For publick good, tho' "gawg" fallies forth!
"His UNCLE's pupil;"---who, for thirty
years, [tears;
Has check'd the widow's and the orphan's
"Allow'd by all a most ingenious" face;
Styl'd, by himself, "The wonder of the age!"
The great SHAFEE!--who feigns your
letter'd skill,
Great B-ylis, L-cas, and ev'n docto'r H-H!
Sent forth---by act of parliament---to kill. §

* The words of his advertisement.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

The DRESS of the PRESENT MONTH.

As established in the polite Circle at St. James's, and at Bath.

THE LADIES in full Dres^s wear Suits of Cloaths or Negligees, of plain Silks or Sattins, embroidered with Colours and Gold, and trimmed with Frimine or Chemille Blonds;—fine Lace for Ruffles;—the Head-Dres^s flat at Top, with round Lappets and Ribbon Flowers, and Diamond or Pearl Pins in the Centre of each;—small Drop Ear-Rings;—the Slippers or Shoes with broad Fringes, and small Rofes or Rose Buckles.—Very few Gold or Silver Silks at Court on the Queen's Birth-Day.

THE Severity of the Weather has not left an Opening for the GENTLEMEN to vary their Dres^s.—Polonese Frocks, quilted Sattin Waifcoats, black Velvet Breeches, and a light Bath-Beaver Surtout with a green, scarlet, or crimson Velvet Collar, and gilt Buttons, constitute a genteel Undres^s.—The near Approach of the Spring will prevent any Alteration in Dres^s Cloaths.

Marriages, Deaths, Preferments, Prices of Corn and Stocks.

M A R R I E D.

AT Didbrooke in Gloucestershire, the Right Hon. Lord Aylmer, to the second daughter of Sir Charles Whitworth. Richard Parry, Esq; of Llanraiderhall in Denbighshire, to Miss Thomas, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Thomas, dean of Ely. At Exeter, *** Hamilton, Esq; banker, to Mrs. Carew, a widow lady of large fortune. Mr. Milborne Williams, of Bristol, to Miss Ann Webb, of Chew-Magna. At St. George's, Hanover-square, James Hare, Esq; to Miss Hume, sister of Sir Abraham Hume. At Cockburn, in Devonshire, Mr. Rose Drewe, to Miss Bidgood, only daughter of the Rev. Mr. Bidgood. Charles Purvis, Esq; of Durham, in Suffolk, eldest son of the late Admiral Purvis, to Miss Elizabeth Crutten, of John-street, Red-Lion-Square. Mr. William Blizard, of Crutched-friars, surgeon, to Miss Carter, daughter of Richard Carter, Esq; banker. John Ellington, Esq; of St. Alban's, to Miss Allbrooks, of King-street, Bloomsbury. Rev. Mr. Whalley, of Wells, to Mrs. Sherwood, of Langford-court, Somerset. Francis Athell, Esq; of Bampton, to Miss Lucas, of Cirencester, Gloucester. Thomas Avis, Esq; of Daintree, in Northamptonshire, to Miss Belfon, of Soho. William Colquhoun, Esq; of Garscadden, in Scotland, to Miss Helen Colquhoun, daughter of Sir James Colquhoun, Bart. Thomas Cairing, Esq; merchant, of Threadneedle-street, to Miss Goreing, daughter of Matthew Goreing, Esq. William Marrett, Esq; son of the Rev. Dr. Marrett, to Miss Jane Capper, daughter of Peter Capper, Esq. Mr. W. Goldinith, of Pater-noster-Row, to Miss Chase, of Luton, Bedfordshire.

The Rev. Mr. Courtney, nephew of the Lord Chancellor, to Lady Mary Howard, sister to the Earl of Effingham.

Thomas Hammond, of Beacham-court, Worcestershire, Esq; to Miss Drew, of Ledbury, Herefordshire.

At Combeforey, near Taunton, Mr. Charter, of Bishop's Lydeard, attorney at law, to Miss Elizabeth Malet, daughter of the Rev. Sir Alexander Malet, Bart.

John Breabridge, Esq; of Middlewich, in Cheshire, to Miss Yewd, daughter of Mr. Yewd, attorney, of Lion's Inn.

Capt. Montgomery, to Miss Anthony daughter of — Anthony, Esq; of Beconfield. At Malvern, the Rev. Mr. Anselm Jones, to Mrs. Snell, widow of the late Powell Snell, Esq; of Guiting.

Mr. Tho. Abraham, merchant, of Southampton, to Miss Briffault.

At Romsey, Mr. Tylee, brewer, of Devizes, to Miss Reed, of Bristol.

Mr. Clarke, clothier, of Trowbridge, to Miss Ludlow, sister to Dr. Ludlow, of Bristol.

D I E D.

The Right Hon. the Countess Dowager of Oxford, mother to the present Earl.

Rice Hughes, Esq; register and marshal of North Wales Circuit.

Samuel Smith, Esq; deputy usher to his Majesty's Court of Exchequer.

Suddenly, of an apoplectic fit, Mrs. Giffey, of Romsey, while walking in her garden. Mr. George Turberville, lately an eminent mercer at Tewkesbury.

At Panwick, in Gloucestershire, Richard Butler, gent.

Mr. James Davis, an eminent clothier of Corham, Wilts.

Mr. Thomas Blackall, a common-councilman of Salisbury, and steward of the London hospital.

Capt.

1774

Capt. Lee, of the 41st regiment of invalids, Mrs. Holman, lady of Philip Holman, Esq; at his house in Park-place.

Capt. John Moore, some time since Captain of the Barfleur.

John Bullock, Esq; of the Tower.

John Nourse, Esq; of Woodeaton, Oxfordshire.

Philip Gilbert, Esq; of St. Cullum, Cornwall. James Johnston, Esq; of Ham-castle, Worcestershire.

Wm. Mildred Drake, Esq; of Hartton-garden. At Winchester, Mrs. Price, widow, mother of the Rev. Mr. Price, rector of Portsea.

Charles Freeman, Esq; of Elkley, Northamptonshire.

Admiral Hughes, rear Admiral of the Red, at Bath.

Sir John Cullum, Bart. Bath King at Arms. Rev. Mr. Wigmore, chaplain of his Majesty's navy in ordinary, at Chatham, Right worshipful Matthew Scafe, Esq; mayor of Newcastle.

At Corfe-castle, in Dorsetshire, Thomas Hollis, Esq. He was the immediate descendant of the celebrated Hollis, who, with Hampden, Pym, and others, composed the five Commons who strenuously opposed the measures of Charles the first, and whom that Monarch, in 1642, attempted to seize in the House of Commons.

At Bath, the Lady of John Sober, Esq; of the island of Barbadoes.

At Southwaltham in Norfolk, in the 76th year of his age, the Rev. Henry Crownfield, B. D. rector of that parish, and of Rockland St. Mary and St. Margaret in the same county; to both which livings, worth 300l. a year, the Rev. Mr. Marth, a fellow of Queen's college, Cambridge, is since presented.

Mrs. Lidiard, wife of Mr. Lidiard, jeweller, in St. Paul's Church-yard.

Miss Cotes, only child of Samuel Cotes, Esq; of Percy-street, Rathbone-Place.

At Brussels, Elizabeth de Val, aged 104; who was remarkable for never having eaten a bit of meat in her life.

At Fulham, in the 98th year of her age, Mrs. Mary Hadnock.

Mr. Tucker, senior, member of the corporation of Bridgwater.

Peter Rooley Cooper, Esq; formerly one of his Majesty's vice consuls in the Netherlands.

At Stanmore, in Middlesex, — Crawford, Esq; formerly member in two successive parliaments for Downham in Norfolk.

In the 62d year of his age, Harry Earle, Esq; third son of the late Wm. Benfon, Esq; one of the auditors of the imprests.

At Manchester, Joseph Hamar, Esq; Rear Admiral.

In Dublin, of an apoplectic fit, Lady Dorothy Du Bois.

At Exmouth, Mrs. Hull, mother of Thomas Hull, Esq; of Marpool, the present high-sheriff for Devon, to whom a very considerable fortune devolves by her death.

Aged 85, the Rev. Mr. John Cros, rector of Long Stow in Cambridgeshire.

At Salisbury, aged 72, Mr. George Goldwyer, late an eminent surgeon and oculist at Marlborough.

At Exeter, Rev. Dr. Bertie, rector of Kenn, and prebendary of Exeter Cathedral.

The Rev. Mr. Tindall, rector of Chelmsford, Essex.

At Castle Menzie, in Scotland, the Rt. Hon. Lady Mary Menzies.

At Hopetoun house, in Scotland, Miss Jemima Hope, 3d daughter of Lord Hope.

Robert Halcrow, Esq; Governor of the Merchants Seaman's Hospital, and one of the elder brothers of the Trinity-house.

The Rev. James Brown, vicar of Sutton Ashfield, in Nottinghamshire, and of Blackwell, in Derbyshire.

At Codnor, in Derbyshire, Mr. Robert Hill, aged 101. He died of the small pox.

Mrs. Barton, wife of the Rev. Dr. Barton, Dean of Bristol.

At Malmbury, Mrs. Webb, relict of the late Rev. Mr. Webb, of Broughton, Wilts.

Mrs. Hugessen, of Provender in Kent, a daughter of Sir Wm. Honeywood, Bart.

At Chadlington, in Oxfordshire, in the 95th year of his age, William Rollinson, Esq. Wm. Knowler, D. D. rector of Boddington, Northamptonshire.

At Sevenoaks in Kent, the Rev. Mr. Fermer, nearly related to the late Sir Henry Fermer, Bart.

At Kennington, the Rev. Mr. Dinsdale, household chaplain to the royal palace there.

The Rev. Dr. Tryon, brother to Governor Tryon, of New-York, and also to Miss Tryon, one of the maids of honour to the Queen.

Lady Ist Anson, widow of the late Sir Thomas Ist Anson, and sister of Henry Bankes, Esq; of Kingston-Hall, Dorset.

In Ireland, the Right Hon. Dudley Alexander Sydney Cosby, Lord Sydney of Leix, and Baron of Stradbally.

Aged about fifty, Mr. Coates, apothecary, at Theale, Berks.

At Gloucester, Mrs. Pitt, relict of James Pitt, Esq.

At Bryngwyn, in Monmouthshire, Mrs. Morgan, wife of Wm. Morgan, Esq.

James Lacy, Esq; joint patentee with Mr. Garrick, of Drury-Lane Theatre. By his will he has left to his son, Mr. Willoughby Lacy, all his estates, real and personal, and appointed him sole executor.

Wm. Cooper, Esq; a Turkey merchant, and one of the directors of the Bank of England.

In the 94th year of his age, Sir George Jermingham, Bart, who is succeeded in his title and estate by his eldest son, now Sir Wm. Jermingham, Bart.

At Stealy, in Northumberland, the Rev. Mr. Wharton, aged 77; who was in the ministry 50 years, and brought up eleven children to be men and women, fix of whom are living, with 2d. a year.

At Leigh in Lancashire, the Rev. Rob. Bradley, D. D.

At St. Cullum in Cornwall, Philip Gilbert, Esq; aged 80 years.

Mrs. Warren, mother of Dr. Warren, physician in ordinary to the King, and relict of the Rev. Dr. Warren, late archdeacon of Suffolk.

John Pugh Pryfe, member of parliament for Merionethshire.

At Bath, the Lady of John Newton, Esq.—About a fortnight before her death she had the misfortune to break her leg near the ankle in a shocking manner by a fall from her horse; yet, notwithstanding the most favourable symptoms followed the reduction of the fracture, a strong prepossession she had entertained for some months, that she should not survive her birth-day, (which was the day she died) so powerfully counteracted all the efforts of medicine, that (singular as it may appear) it is considered as the real and sole cause of her death.

Philip Bennett, Esq; of Widcombe near Bath. Suddenly, Mrs. Nicolls, wife of Mr. Nicolls, surgeon, of Bath.

George Clavell, Esq; of Smedmoor in the Isle of Purbeck, Dorset.

Burrington Goldworthy, Esq; of Blandford St. Mary, Dorset, aged 69.

Of an apoplectic fit, Henry White, Esq; of Kington St. Michael's, Wilts.

In the 51st year of her age, Mrs. Mary Carew, a maiden lady, and eldest daughter of Thos. Carew, late of Crowcombe in Somerset, Esq; deceased.

At Bath, Lady Elizabeth Cope, relict of the celebrated Sir John Cope, who was defeated by the rebels in 1745.

Rev. Mr. Robert Ash, rector of Langley Burrell, Wilts.

At Bath, the Lady of Joseph Langton, Esq; of Newton St. Loe.

Mr. Thomas Gall, formerly an officer in the navy. By his will, he has ordered that his body be put into a cedar coffin, and that into a leaden one, and then thrown into the sea off Plymouth.

Suddenly, as he was reading the morning service, in the 74th year of his age, the Rev. Theophilus Lessly, many years curate of West Bagborough, Somerset.

Mr. Isaac de Vic, late an eminent wine-merchant of Southampton, in his 102d year.

In the 25th year of her age, Mrs. Dart, wife of the Rev. Phillip Dart, curate of St. James in Bath.

In Northumberland-street, Rob. Baldy, Esq. He hath bequeathed 100l. to Alderman Wilkes, 20 guineas for mourning, and one guinea for a ring. The clause in his will respecting the 100l. is as follows: "I give to John Wilkes, Esq; of Prince's-court, 100l. as a mark of my regard and attention to the cause for which he has been so unjustly and wickedly persecuted by a most abandoned and profligate administration for these ten years past."

At Abbotbury, in a very advanced age, Mr. Tho. Crew. He was at the taking of Vigo, and in the second ship that entered the harbour after the boom was sprung, by Admiral Hobson, on the 12th of October, 1703; was at the taking of Gibraltar on the 23d of July, 1704, under the command of Sir George Rook; and on the 13th of August following was in the great sea engagement with the confederate fleet; the 22d of October he was in the fleet under Sir Cloudesly Shovel, when he was lost on the rocks of Scilly; and was likewise in most of the sea engagements in the reigns of King George the first and second.

At Blackford, Devon, Sir John Rogers, Bart. At Huntley, in Scotland, James Cruickshank, an errand runner. He was a perfect miser, never lighted a fire or candle in his house, nor ever eat or drank at home, save what victuals he brought in his pocket from his last employer, and never bought a coat in his life. When death made his approach, with reluctance and difficulty he pointed to a hole in the floor, in which were deposited 60 guineas; in another 40l. in silver; and in an old box thrust into a third hole was 60l. more in silver; besides these he had two bank notes, &c.

P R E F E R R E D.

The Rev. Francis Mines, M. A. to the vicarage of Speisbury in Oxfordshire, with the vicarage of Twining in Gloucestershire.

Rev. Michael Tyton, M. A. to the archdeaconry of Huntingdon.

Rev. Dr. Warren, a prebendary of Ely, to the vicarage of Wifbich, worth 300l. a year.

Rev. Mr. Martyn, professor of botany at Cambridge, to the rectory of Ludgarfall in Bucks, worth upwards of 300l. a year.

Rev. John Stevenson, to the rectory of St. Nicholas in Berks.

Trentram Maris Madox, Esq; to be one of the Hon. Band of pensioners.

Robert Chester, of the Inner Temple, Esq; to be collector or receiver of the perpetual yearly tenths of all dignities, offices, benefits, &c.

Rev. John Cott, B. D. to hold the rectory of Markhall, together with the rectory of great Braxfield in Essex, worth upwards of 250l. per ann.

Rev. James Sims, B. A. to the vicarage of Wolly in Bucks.

Rev. Dr. Watton, professor of divinity at Cambridge, to a stall in Ely Cathedral.

Mr. Ford, son of the late barrister of that name, in Bedford-row, to be secretary of appeals, decrees, and injunctions.

Rev. Joseph Chester, to the vicarage of Longney, Gloucestershire.

Whitshed Keene, Esq; brother-in-law to the Earl of Dartmouth, to be a Lord of trade, in the room of Lord Greville, now Earl of Warwick.

Rev. Samuel Horly, LL. D. to the rectory of Abury, in Surry, also to the rectory of St. Mary Newington-Butts, worth near 400l. per annum.

Rev. Thomas Durniord, D. D. to the rectory of Ichen Abbatt's, Hants, vacant by the of the Rev. John Burton, D. D.

James Harris, of Salisbury, Esq; to be secretary and comptroller to her Majesty.

Mr. Thomas Conway, to be comptroller of excise, in the room of James Comyn, Esq; The Hon. Mrs. Frances Talbot, to be keeper of their Majesties icehouses, in the room of Mr. Eldridge, deceased.

Rev. Thomas Sainsbury, M. A. to the office of preacher at the Charterhouse chapel, void by the death of the Rev. Dr. John Nicols.

Rev. James Barton, M. A. to the rectory of Knagwell, in Cambridgeshire.

Rev. William Sayle, to the rectory of Chelwood, and also the vicarage of Stowey, both in Somersetshire.

Rev. Montague Rush, to the rectory of Elvetham, in Hants.

Henry Clayton Clerk, LL. D. to the vicarage of Catterick in Yorkshire.

Rev. Richard De Courcy, to the vicarage of St. Aloman, in Shropshire.

Rev. Charles Allen, to the vicarage of Tugby, Leicestershire.

Rev. Thos. Meyler, to the rectory of Marlborough, with the vicarage of Preshute, Wilts.

Rev. John Griffiths, to the vicarage of Llantrisant, in Pembrokeshire.

Rev. Mr. Lloyd, to the rectory of Thorpe, in Derbyshire.

Paul Amfinck, of London, merchant, to be agent for the Hanse towns.

Sir Alexander Powell, Knt. to be one of the receivers of Salisbury.

John Weir, Esq; to be Commissary-general of the Stores in the Island of Dominica.

Rev. Mr. Shadé, of Warminster, to the rectory of Corfley, Wilts, void by the cessation of the Rev. Mr. Matthy.

Rev. Mr. Wheate, brother to Sir Jacob Wheate, Bart. to the vicarage of Leachlade in Gloucestershire, void by the resignation of the Rev. Mr. Rowles.

Rev. Arthur Dodwell, M. A. to the curacy of St. Thomas, in Salisbury, in the room of the Rev. Brock Rand, deceased.

Thomas Shirley, Esq; to be Governor of Dominica, in the room of Sir Wm. Young, Bart. who has resigned.

Montfort Browne, Esq; to be Governor of the Bahama Islands, in the room of Thomas Shirley, Esq.

Peter Livius, Esq; to be chief justice of his Majestys province of New Hampshire in America.

Rev. Robert Darley Wandiloe, M. A. to the vicarage of Topcliffe, in Yorkshire.

Rev. Mr. Drake, rector of Bow-Church, Durham, to the living of Bedlington, worth 200l. a year.

Rev. Mr. Symonds, of Trinity College, Cambridge, and morning preacher of St. Botolphs, Aldgate-First, to be lector of St. John's Clerkenwell.

MILITARY PROMOTIONS.

Second Regiment Dragoons, John Grosset Mauley, Cornet.

4th Reg. Dragoons, Edward Yale, sergeant.

25th Reg. Light Dragoons, George Lord Ferrers, Captain of a troop.

11th Reg. Foot, Wm. Hinchman, Lieut. Thomas Ruffell, Ensign. John Jones, Adjutant.

21st Reg. Foot, John Blucke, second Lieut.

24th Reg. Foot, Wm. Dawson, Ensign.

36th Reg. Foot, Wyndham Quin, Lieut. Wm. Cunningham, Ensign.

61st Reg. Foot, Harding Pidder, Lieut. John Barlow, Ensign. Sir Wm. Moore, Bart. Lieut. Alexander Arbutnot, Ensign.

65th Reg. Foot, John Smith, Lieut. Zachary Mayley, Ensign.

Capt. Alexander Paille, from half-pay, to be Fort-Major of Fort George.

Robert Chelyre, Esq; to be Captain of Foot, in the East-Indies only.

General Dilkes, to be Colonel of the 42d regiment of Foot, in the room of Sir William Teedley.

From the *London Gazette*, Feb. 5.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN.

From Jan. 24, to Jan. 29, 1774.

By the Standard Winchester Bushel of 8 Gall.

Wheat, Rye, Barley, Oats, Beans.

s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d.

London 5 7 3 9 1 3 0 2 0 1 3 0

COUNTIES IN LAND.

Middlesex 5 8 1 3 5 2 5 3 9

Surrey 6 0 1 3 5 2 2 3 10

Hertford 6 1 1 3 5 2 3 3 9

Bedford 6 1 4 4 3 7 2 2 11

Cambridge 5 7 3 1 3 5 2 2 10

Huntingdon 6 0 1 3 8 2 2 2 10

Northampton 6 11 5 2 3 11 2 0 3 9

Rutland 7 0 1 4 3 2 1 3 5

Leicester 7 0 5 2 4 1 1 11 4 1

Nottingham 5 8 3 8 3 7 2 0 3 8

Derby 6 9 1 3 11 2 1 4 5

Stafford 6 2 3 8 3 11 2 1 4 6

Salop 6 2 4 7 3 9 1 11 4 9

Hereford 6 3 1 3 10 2 1 4 3

Worcester 6 7 4 4 4 5 2 4 4 7

Warwick 6 10 1 4 0 2 7 4 11

Glocester 6 11 1 3 10 2 2 4 7

Wiltshire 5 11 1 3 1 2 2 4 5

Berks 6 1 1 3 5 2 3 4 5

Oxford 6 11 1 3 7 2 6 4 5

Bucks 6 4 1 3 9 2 3 3 11

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex 5 7 3 9 1 3 2 1 4

Suffolk 5 5 2 11 3 0 2 0 2 5

Norfolk 5 11 2 11 3 10 2 2 3 1

Lincoln 6 2 4 3 3 4 1 10 3 6

York 5 8 3 10 3 4 2 0 3 8

Durham 5 6 4 6 3 1 2 0 4 0

Northam. 5 6 4 2 3 1 2 2 3 5

Cumberland 5 11 3 9 2 10 1 9 3 10

Westm. 6 4 2 3 9 1 11 3 6

Lancashire 6 2 1 3 0 2 2 3 6

Cheshire 6 0 1 3 5 2 1 2 1

Monmouth 6 3 1 3 7 1 7 3 9

Somerset 6 3 4 4 3 5 1 10 3 8

Devon 5 6 1 3 10 1 1 6

Cornwall 5 2 1 3 8 1 5

Dorset 5 11 2 11 2 0 4 5

Hampshire 5 5 1 3 1 2 2 4 0

Suffex 5 2 1 2 11 2 2 3 8

Kent 5 7 1 3 3 2 0 2 11

From January 17, to January 22, 1774.

W A L E S.

North Wales 5 11 4 8 3 2 1 7 3 8

South Wales 5 7 4 8 2 11 1 5 3 1

Part of S C O T L A N D.

Wheat, Rye, Barley, Oats, Beans, Etc.

5 4 13 2 12 8 12 2 13 0 12 4

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